UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA

THE DRAMATIC WORKS AND TRANSLATIONS OF SIR WILLIAM LOWER

WITH A REPRINT OF *THE ENCHANTED LOVERS*

WILLIAM BRYAN GATES

A THESIS

IN ENGLISH

PRESENTED TO THE FACULTY OF THE GRADUATE SCHOOL IN PARTIAL FULFILLMENT OF THE REQUIREMENTS FOR THE DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY

PHILADELPHIA
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PREFACE

Sir William Lower was a minor dramatist and translator who lived during the Civil War in England and rendered conspicuous service to the King in that struggle. His literary attainment is not distinguished, but he deserves to be more than a mere name in filling in the gaps of literary history. The standard histories of our older drama have, it is true, done him justice so far as space permitted, but in these days of rescuing from the hiding places of history many interesting, if obscure, men of long ago, it is not inappropriate that Sir William Lower should be among the number.

On account of the rarity of Lower's works and the added difficulty of bringing into one place for comparison his translations and the originals, my indebtedness to the courtesies of librarians is particularly heavy.

To the authorities of the British Museum I wish to express my thanks for a photostatic copy of Lower's unpublished manuscript translation of Scarron's *Don Japhet of Armenia* and other items. The Harvard University Library and the Société des Amis de la Bibliotheque Nationale have also aided greatly by furnishing me with photostats of title pages and other matter. I am indebted also to the Librarians at Yale University and the Library of Congress for their kind attention and helpfulness. To the former I owe especial thanks for a photostat of Lower's *Enchanted Lovers* and for their permission to reprint this play from their rare copy. The authorities of the University of Pennsylvania Library have been of much assistance in procuring books for me and in putting at my disposal the Library's collections of rare volumes.

I wish to thank also Professor Thomas P. Haviland of the Department of English of the University of Pennsylvania for kindly permitting me to read in manuscript his forthcoming study, *The "Roman de Longue Haleine" on English Soil.* I am grateful to Professor A. C. Baugh, Graduate Chairman of the Department of English of the University, for his valuable suggestions in regard to the thesis and also for other matters incidental to the completion of the work for the degree.

Most of all, however, I am indebted to Professor Felix E. Schelling, not only for his kind and patient direction of my work, but also for his inspiration and friendship in class and out. All who have been privileged to know Professor Schelling will understand the greatness of my obligation.

Texas Technological College
Lubbock, Texas

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I

The Life of Sir William Lower

At the outset of this study of Sir William Lower it is necessary to give a somewhat more detailed account of Lower's life than was possible in the limited space which Thomas Seccombe had at his disposal in the *Dictionary of National Biography*.[1]

According to Sir John Maclean,[2] whose survey of the pedigree of the Lower family I follow in the succeeding paragraphs, this family was native to Cornwall, and although not of the highest rank of Cornish gentry, it nevertheless was of considerable antiquity and prominence. At the heralds' visitation in 1531 "a pedigree of five descents was registered . . . and at the visitation of 1620 this pedigree was carried six descents higher and continued three descents lower."[3] The name figures frequently in public records of the middle ages (variously spelled—Lawyer, Lougher, Lowre, Lower, etc.), and it is likely that the earliest recorded reference to the name is that of Gerard Lawyer, one of the collectors of the Subsidy for Cornwall in 1382. Up to the first half of the sixteenth century the family line runs in a relatively simple direction, but after that time it becomes divided into three branches. Into the intricacies of this pedigree we do not need to enter here. Our Sir William's branch of the family became the most prosperous and most noted of the three. On this account, as well as because of the interesting connections by marriage, I give at some length an account of the course of this branch down to the time of the dramatist.

The great-grandfather of Sir William Lower, also a William Lower, married one Agnes Treffry in 1541, and became Sheriff of Cornwall in 1579. The son and heir of this union was Thomas

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[1] This biographical sketch follows, in general, that given in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, but it represents a complete rechecking of the material and the addition of some items not given by Seccombe. All references are therefore made directly to the sources.

[2] *The Parochial and Family History of the Deanery of Trigg Minor, in the County of Cornwall*, 3 Vols., London, 1873–1879.

[3] *Ibid.*, III, 375.

Lower of St. Winnow, who, by his marriage to Jane, the heiress of William Reskymer, acquired considerable possessions, among other property, the Manor of Palrode and certain lands in St. Tudy. This gentleman, the dramatist's grandfather, had six sons, so that Richard Carew said of him:

> At St. Winnowe inhabiteth M. *Thomas Lower*, commendable through his double provision against the warres, as having both furnished himself with great ordinance for private defence of the country, and thrust forth his sonnes to be trayned in martiall knowledge and exercises for the publike service of the country.[4]

William Lower, the eldest of the six sons, was a man of parts. He was burgess in Parliament for Bodmin in 1602, was knighted on March 11, 1603, and was noted as an astronomer. He married a great heiress, Penelope Perrott, the daughter of Sir Thomas Perrott by Dorothy Devereux, daughter of Walter Earl of Essex, and step-daughter of the ninth Earl of Northumberland. The only child of this marriage was Thomas Lower, who died on February 5, 1660, bequeathing a considerable portion of his estate to our Sir William Lower. The Sir William under discussion died on April 12, 1615, and his widow, only twenty-five years of age at the time, later married Sir Robert Naunton, Secretary of State to James I and author of the well-known *Fragmenta Regalia*.

The second son of Thomas Lower was John, who married Mary Bodmire (or Bodmin). Their only child was William, afterwards Sir William, the dramatist. Sir Nicholas Lower, the third of the six sons of Thomas, married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Henry Killigrew, thus uniting two families prominent in Cornish history, and, to a certain extent, in English literary history as well.

We have seen that from this branch of the family came an astronomer and a writer. There yet remains one other distinguished representative: Dr. Richard Lower, the physician and Fellow of the Royal Society, who is reliably credited with having been the first surgeon successfully to demonstrate transfusion of blood. Dr. Lower later in life expressed considerable animosity

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[4] *Survey of Cornwall*, London, 1769, p. 132.

towards his kinsman the dramatist, and it will therefore be of some interest to see the exact relationship between the two. Sir William is descended, as has been noted, through the eldest son, from William Lower, the Sheriff of Cornwall in 1579. Richard is descended through the third son of William. This third son, Edward, had, by his wife Mary Nicoll, a son Humphrey, who had four children, among them, Richard. It thus appears that the grandfathers of Sir William and Richard were brothers. Richard was baptized on January 29, 1631–2 and died on January 17. 1690–1.

Sir William Lower, the dramatist, was born at Tremere, St. Tudy, Cornwall, the exact year of his birth being unknown; but it is generally assumed to have been about 1600. The only information we have concerning his early life is that given by Anthony à Wood, who tells that William "spent some time in Oxon, in the condition of an hospes for the sake of the public library and scholastic company, as his kinsman Dr. Rich. Lower hath informed me; but his fancy being gay, he troubled himself not with the crabbed studies of logic and philosophy."[5]

There is no actual record of Lower's having been at Oxford (or Cambridge), and Joseph Hunter is inclined to doubt the accuracy of Wood's statement.

> The introduction of Lower's "name into the Oxford Athenae [says Hunter], he not appearing to have any connection with that university, is somewhat circuitous. He [Wood] is writing of Tho. Salesbury and the mention of his History of Joseph leads to the mention of Daniel Cudmore's work on the same theme, and then whence to Sir William Lower with his translation from the French of a History of Joseph, printed Lond. . . . 1655".[6]

The fact, however, that Wood had his information by letter from Dr. Lower makes one feel, in spite of the lack of record and Hunter's doubt, that Wood's word is undoubtedly more to be

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[5] *Athenae Oxonienses*, ed. Philip Bliss, 5 Vols., London, 1817, III, 544.
[6] *Chorus Vatum Anglicanorum*, British Museum Add. Mss. 24,487–24,492. Facsimile made by Newberry Library, III, 2.

trusted. We know that Wood was very intimate with Dr.Lower[7] and that he tried to secure accurate information about Sir William, for on November 2, 1685, he wrote to Thomas Creech, asking for notes on the lives of a number of persons, Otway, Lovelace, William Killigrew, Sir William Lower, and others.[8]

To Wood we turn again for a few crumbs of fact on Lower's life. Without giving any dates, he says that Lower travelled, "became a perfect master of the French tongue," adhered to the Royalist side in the rebellion, and was an officer in the King's army.[9] The only item of fact that is available for this period is the publication (in 1639) of Lower's first work, an original play, *The Phœnix in her Flames*, which will be considered later. Langbaine gives little of value, contenting himself with observing that Lower lived in the time of the Civil War and that "he took sanctuary in *Holland*, where in peace and privacy he enjoy'd the Society of the Muses."[10] Whether Langbaine meant to imply that Lower took no part in the strife is not quite clear, but at any rate, David E. Baker declares that "during the heat of the Civil Wars, he took refuge in Holland."[11] Wood, on the other hand, implies that Lower was a faithful soldier; otherwise he would hardly have been an officer in the King's army. The anonymous author of a *History of Cornwall* tells, moreover, that "William Lover, the last male heir of the elder branch of the family, suffered much from his attachment to Charles I,"[12] without indicating the nature of that suffering. Sir A. W. Ward speaks of Lower's conspicuous services in the Civil War, and thinks he went to Holland about 1655.[13]

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[7] From the *Life and Times of Anthony Wood* we learn that Wood and Dr. Lower were inseparable companions at taverns from 1657 to 1665, there being no less than twenty entries in Wood's notes of time (and money) spent at various taverns with Dr. Lower. We know also that Dr. Lower attended Wood in a professional capacity in the years from 1662 to 1665.

[8] *The Life and Times of Anthony Wood*, ed. Andrew Clark, 5 Vols., Oxford, 1891–1900, III, 175.

[9] *Athenae Oxonienses*, III, 544.

[10] *An Account of the English Dramatic Poets*, Oxford, 1691, p. 334.

[11] *Biographia Dramatica*, compiled up to 1764 by D. E. Baker, continued by Jones and Ellis, 1812, Vol. I, Part ii, p. 464.

[12] *A Complete Parochial History of the County of Cornwall*, London and Truro, 1868, IV, 329.

[13] *A History of English Dramatic Literature to the Death of Queen Anne*, 3 Vols., New Ed., London and New York, 1899, III, 290.

Fortunately, there is a considerable body of documentary material relating to Lower's military activities. We know, for instance, that Lower was, in 1640, a lieutenant in the regiment of Sir Jacob Ashley (or Astley) in the army of the Earl of Northumberland.[14] He was evidently promoted soon afterwards, for in the summer of 1640 he was a captain, as we learn from a letter concerning the mutiny of his company:

> 1640. July 24. Abingdon. Captain William Lower to Sec. Windebank. Account of the disbanding of his Company:—Having marched three days from Reading, and coming near Brackley in good order, we unfortunately met with the mutinous troops of my lieut.-col. Selwin and sergeant major Ashley who had disbanded at Daventry and other places. These, notwithstanding all my persuasions and threatenings, turned faces about and drew all my men along with them. They told my men that they were to be shipped and sold for slaves, that the officers had false commissions, that the king gave them no authority, that they would be used like dogs, that all was peace in Scotland, and it was only a pretence to carry them elsewhere, that we all, and my Lord General himself, were Papists. I told my men that all this was false, and that they should not step one foot out of the king's dominions, but at at last they all threatened me that if I used more persuasions they would beat my brains out. Next day 60 of them came to Brackley, but refused to march, the company not being complete. The next day I sent them away with the ensign, but they all disbanded except 26, who returned with the the ensign and sergeant.[15]

After this illuminating letter it is a source of disappointment that the record remains blank for the next four years. Search of the Calendars of State Papers and such works as Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion* reveals, however, no trace of Lower in this interval. But again, judging by the promotions which he received, we may safely say that he was doing faithful service in the King's army. By June 1644 he had risen to the rank of lieutenant-colonel under Colonel Blague (or Blagge) and had been made lieutenant-governor of Wallingford.

In the Town Hall at Reading are preserved drafts of several

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[14] *Historical Collections*, ed. John Rushworth, 7 Vols., London, 1659–1721, III, 1244.

[15] *Calendar of State Papers*, Domestic Series, 1640, p. 509.

letters that are of interest for what they reveal of Lower's activities as well as his nature. On June 3, 1644, the King ordered Colonel Blagge and Lieutenant-Colonel Lower to levy weekly contributions for the garrison at Wallingford. Lower, with commendable enterprise (as Seccombe puts it), evidently carried off the mayor of Reading as a hostage for the levy against that city, for the next letter (undated) is from the Mayor of Reading to his aldermen, enclosing the draft of the King's order and indicating that he has been abducted and is being detained as a prisoner at Wallingford until Reading pays the contribution. On June 22 the cautious aldermen wrote to their mayor, desiring to know the exact amount required. Another letter, probably of June 23, from Lieutenant-Colonel Lower to the aldermen, urged, in a friendly tone, the payment of what is due; at the same time Lower promised to abate future contributions as much as possible, and agreed to dismiss the mayor if two aldermen would go to Wallingford in his place. On June 25 the aldermen wrote to Lower, declaring their utter inability to pay the amount demanded.

On the day following, Lower again wrote the aldermen, telling them of the little satisfaction which their answer had given him, and promising to cancel the weekly sum of fifty pounds if they would send a hundred pounds at once. He determined to hold the mayor unless Reading complied with these conditions, and added, significantly, "If we heare you contribute anythinge under hand to the Rebells, we shall require it double; but I have a better opinion of your loyaltie and affection to the king's service."

The kidnapping of the mayor evidently brought few results, for on June 25 and June 27 Lower expressed (apparently to the king or council) his inability to collect anything from Reading, notwithstanding his own willingness and that of the citizens. Soon the aldermen appealed to the Council of War at Oxford for relief, and on July 1, 1644, the Council issued a warrant, remitting part of the levy.[16]

In spite of his lack of success in extracting money from Reading,

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[16] *Historical Manuscripts Commission*, Eleventh Report, Appendix, Part VII, pp. 189 and 219–220, where summaries of these letters are given.

however, Lower was shortly rewarded for his loyalty and services, by being made a knight, probably on March 27, 1645. Richard Symonds, whose diary is the source of this information, lists three newly-created knights under the following notation: "Upon the King's Coronacion day, 27 March 1645," among the number being "Sir ....., Leift. Governor of Wallingford."[17] Although Lower's name is not given, there is no doubt but that he is the new knight whose name Symonds did not know at the time he made the entry in his diary. The records clearly show that Lower was at this time lieutenant-governor of Wallingford, and there is no evidence of any other person's holding the same title.

On January 19, 1645–6, Lower was taken prisoner by the garrison of Abingdon.[18] In the Journals of the House of Commons, under date of January 23, 1645 (that is, 1645–6), it is "Ordered, That Sir *William Lower* be forthwith sent up Prisoner from *Abingdon* to *London.*"[19] Furthermore, in the Journals for February 10, 1645–6 we came upon this peculiar entry: "Ordered, &c., That Sir *William Lower* and *Captain Dunbar*, now Prisoners at *Abingdon*, who formerly served the Parliament, and have deserted their Service, be tried, and proceeded against, according to the Cause of War."[20] The mystery here concerns the phrase, "who formerly served the Parliament, and have deserted their Service." There is no evidence that Lower was ever anything but a most loyal and ardent supporter of the King. Seccombe does not refer to this entry in the House Journal; it may be merely a way of designating the status of a person who refused to support the new parliament after having once been, naturally, a supporter of that body before the break between the King and Parliament. Royalists, it will be recalled, were officially designated as "delinquents" by the Parliamentary Party. But whatever the explanation, it is altogether unlikely that Lower had at any time been in the service of the Parliament.

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[17] Richard Symonds, *Diary of the Marches of the Royal Army During the Great Civil War*, ed. Charles E. Long, Camden Society Publications, Vol. 74, 1859, p. 162.

[18] *Report on the Portland Manuscripts*, I, 340. I have not seen this report and therefore rely upon Seccombe's reference.

[19] *Journals of the House of Commons*, IV, 416.

[20] *Ibid.*, IV, 435.

The matter of Lower's imprisonment, so far as the House of Commons was concerned, ends with his being discharged and permitted to go abroad. On January 11, 1646–7 it is "Resolved, &c., That Lieutenant Colonel William Lower, a Prisoner by order of this House, be discharged from his Imprisonment, and permitted to go beyond the Seas: and that he give Security not to act anything against the Parliament."[21] From the reports and records given above, then, it is likely that Lower was a prisoner by order of Parliament from January 19, 1645–6 to January 11, 1646–7. This imprisonment is no doubt at least a part of that suffering of Sir William to which the Cornish historian referred.[22]

Thomas Seccombe, without citing any authority, states that Lower apparently stayed in England until 1655, but there is some doubt about this statement, as will appear presently in an examination of certain other documents from the Calendars of State Papers, the summaries of which I quote.

1654. July 31. Petition of Thomas and William Lower to the President and Council, for a pass for William Lower and John Clerk, attorney for Thomas Lower, into the Low Countries, where they have an estate, real and personal, left them by their kinsman, Nich. Lower, which is unsettled by reason of the late wars, of which they desire to take an account.[23]

This Thomas Lower is the son of the Lady Penelope (Lower) Naunton, who was mentioned earlier in this study. Sir William's *Phœnix in her Flames* is dedicated to Thomas, and this fact, together with Thomas' bequest to William, points to a close relationship between the two.

Returning to the State Papers, we learn that under date of September 4, 1655, a pass was issued by the Protector and Council for William Lower to go to Holland.[24] There is no intervening record, and hence we may assume that Lower had to wait only thirteen months for his pass. That he left for the continent soon after the granting of the permission is evident from a letter from Secretary Nicholas, then at Cologne, to Joseph Jane, October 2/

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[21] *Ibid.*, V, 48.
[22] See page 10 above.
[23] *Calendar of State Papers*, Domestic Series, 1654, p. 275.
[24] *Ibid.*, 1655, p. 596.

12, 1655, in which Nicholas mentions, among other things, that "Sir William Lower, lately come from England, says Cromwell is so indisposed in mind and body that he cannot live long."[25]

It is no doubt on the basis of these letters and petitions that Seccombe assumed that Lower remained in England from the time of his release until 1655. But a letter from Joseph Jane to Sir Edward Nicholas, dated at the Hague, October 15, 1655, has the following: "Sir Wm. Lower is now in this towne, having beene in England to complayne of iniury received here in a suite and Cromwell hath written a letter to the States on his and his cosens behalfe whome the suite concerns."[26] It seems to me that there is here a definite implication that Lower had been in Holland some time before 1655, and that he had returned to England for the purpose mentioned. It is then for the return to Holland in 1655 that the pass was granted, and not for his first trip after his release from prison.

Jane's letter continues, with reference to the reports of Cromwell's weakness, "He [Lower] says nothing of such indisposition of Cromwell, but hopes much of the effects of his letter, wherein I am not soe confident . . . I have seen his letter for Sir William Lower in latyne."[27] We know that a letter of such nature was written on August 10, 1655,[28] and it is probable that this is the one Jane saw. But inasmuch as four letters were written concerning the Lower suit in Holland, it is difficult to determine just which one it was. David Masson, in his *Life of Milton*, lists a large number of state letters certainly written by John Milton himself in the period between December, 1655 and May, 1656; among this list is one to the States of Holland concerning the Lower property. Masson's summary of the letter is as follows:

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[25] *Ibid.*, 1655, p. 365.

[26] *The Nicholas Papers, Correspondence of Sir Edward Nicholas, Secretary of State*, ed. George F. Warner, 4 Vols., Camden Society Publications, 1886–1920, III, 83.

[27] *Ibid.*

[28] G. C. Boase and W. P. Courtney, *Bibliotheca Cornubiensis: A Catalogue of the Writings of Cornishmen and of Works Relating to . . . Cornwall*, 3 Vols., London, 1874–'82, III, 1270.

To the States General of the United Provinces, May 1656:– Three times before letters have been written to the States General in the interest of Thomas and William Lower, who had been left property in Holland by their father's [*sic*] will, but have been unjustly kept out of the same by powerful persons there, and tossed from law-court to law-court. This fourth application, it is hoped, may be more successful.[29]

Another letter from Jane to Nicholas (the Hague, October 29, 1655) refers again to Cromwell's letter, evidently the one mentioned in the previous letter and not the one summarized by Masson:

Sir William Lower delivered them his letter, and they made an order of course to recommend his cause for speedy iustice, which is of little efficacy, all men here feelinge the decrease of his [Cromwell's] terror by the Indian and Streightes disappointment.[30]

That Jane's doubts about speedy justice were well-grounded there is double proof: Milton's state letter quoted above, and a letter from Lower to Secretary Nicholas. This letter is dated at the Hague on June 14, 1660, and expresses Lower's thanks for a sentence received from the High Court of Holland "on the King's recommendation."[31] It thus appears that Lower's suit waited five years for a settlement, in spite of the four letters written by Cromwell's government, and that it was finally settled on the recommendation of King Charles II.

In order to complete the case of Lower's suit we have anticipated somewhat, and must now go back to about the year 1655. We have learned from the documents noted above, as well as from Wood and Langbaine, that Lower was in Holland certainly by 1655 and probably a good deal earlier than that. Having already shown an interest in things literary, Lower, now that he was somewhat freed from political and military strife, turned again to literature. "He was," says Langbaine, "a great admirer of the French poets, and bestowed some time and pains in dressing some Plays in an *English garb:* beside what, he has writ himself in his

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[29] *Life of Milton and History of His Time*, 6 Vols., London, 1880, V, 254.
[30] *Nicholas Papers*, III, 100.
[31] *Calendar of State Papers*, Domestic Series, 1660–1, p. 52.

Mother-Tongue."[32] The critic lists the six plays which he ascribes to Lower, but his list will be considered later. In the period from 1655 to 1660 Lower published a considerable number of works, chiefly translations.

During this period also, according to Seccombe, Ward, and others, Lower apparently held some post in the household of the Princess Royal, Mary of Orange. I have found no real authority for the assumption unless it be in the fact that Lower's translation, *The Amorous Fantasme*, is dedicated in flattering terms to the Princess Royal, and that the play was performed at New Year's, 1660, evidently at the establishment of Princess Mary. This point will be considered later. It is not unlikely that Lower did have some official connection with the exiled royal family; he had served loyally in the king's cause, and the records show that other royalists found such employment in Holland. Thomas Killigrew, for instance, was in the household of the Duke of Gloucester, the youngest son of Charles I.[33] In Killigrew's *Thomaso or The Wanderer* is a reference to a famous dinner at St. John's Head at the Hague, and it is not improbable that Lower was present, though there is no actual proof.[34]

In 1660, at the time when Charles II and Parliament were in negotiations, Lower brought out, in a sumptuous edition, a translation of a French work describing the residence of Charles in Holland. To this translation he appended a number of what Seccombe well describes as "ill-conditioned acrostics and poems."[35] In the same year, on June 14, his letter to Secretary Nicholas closes with a petition for Nicholas' help, begging, he says, "a situation in His Majesty's service, having faithfully served the late king."[36]

Fortunately, however, Lower was not to be dependent upon royal favor, and, unfortunately, he was not to live long to enjoy the property that shortly came to him. He was released from any financial worries he may have had by the bequest of Thomas

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[32] *Op. cit.*, p. 334.
[33] Alfred Harbage, *Thomas Killigrew, Cavalier Dramatist*, University of Pennsylvania Thesis, 1930, p. 101.
[34] Part II, Act V, Sec. 7. Harbage, *op. cit.*, p. 100.
[35] *Dictionary of National Biography.*
[36] *Calendar of State Papers*, Domestic Series, 1660–1, p. 52.

Lower, who, at his death in 1661, left almost his whole estate to Sir William. Shortly after the death of his kinsman, Lower evidently returned to England, and by this legacy, was, according to Wood, "in a capacity of doing good to his relations of Tremere, which he did not, but followed the vices of poets."[37] This information comes from Dr. Richard Lower, who apparently expected to profit by Sir William's increase in wealth. What the basis of this expectation was and what "the vices of poets" were we do not know, but since Sir William died not long after this and made no mention of Dr. Lower in his will, the latter undoubtedly felt a further grievance against his kinsman. Wood relates that Sir William Lower

> died in the beginning of the year sixteen hundred sixty and two, his will being proved 7 May, 1662, and was buried, as I presume, by his said uncle Tho. Lower in the church of S. Clements Danes, within the liberty of Westminster: at which time he defeated his kindred of Tremere of his estate, which made, I suppose, his kinsman, Dr. Rich. Lower a younger son of that house, tell me in his letter to me, when I enquired after him, that the said Sir Will. Lower "was an ill poet and a worse man."[38]

We should like to know the cause of the enmity between Sir William and Dr. Richard, but the records are dumb. At any rate, Richard had no very great claim on Sir William so far as relationship is concerned, for, as we have seen, the two men were only very distantly related. Furthermore, Dr. Richard Lower was evidently a man of some prominence even in 1662, for he was made a fellow of the Royal Society on October 17, 1667, and he died a wealthy man on January 17, 1690–1.[39]

The will of Sir William Lower, proved, as Wood stated, on May 7, 1662, is worthy of consideration for several reasons, and I therefore give a fairly complete abstract of it. This abstract is much more complete than that given by Sir John Maclean.[40]

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[37] *Athenae Oxonienses*, III, 544.
[38] *Ibid.*, III, 545.
[39] Maclean, *op. cit.*, III, 383.
[40] I am indebted to Miss Katherine S. Martin of London, for the abstract which is printed here. See Maclean, *op. cit.*, III, 381–2 for the abstract made by Sir John Maclean.

Will of Sir William Lower, of Clifton in the county of Cornwall, knight, dated 14th August, 1661.

"I doe give and surrender up my Soule into the hands of gratious Redeemer in sure hope of blessed and joyfull resurrection at the last day and as to that Estate which God hath given mee I doe dispose thereof as followeth: First I doe give and devise all my manors, lands and tenements in Cornwall and elsewhere in England as also those in Holland Zealand and elsewhere beyond the Seas whereof I am in any seized in fee simple and not hereafter devised To my Cosen Thomas Lower of Trecan, Sir Edward Brett Sergeant Porter to the Kings hra^tye^ and to William Thomas of the Inner Temple esq^re^ and Emanuell Thomas of the Inner Temple gent' and their heires in Trust for my Daughter Elizabeth Lower and the heires of her body," but charged with the payment of all debts and legacies of his late cousin Thomas Lower esquire, deceased, and of his own. The trustees to convey the said Estates to his said daughter and the heirs of her body on her attaining the age of twenty-one. If the whole estate and lands of which the said Thomas Lower died seized and which he gave to testator by his will, are come to testator by fee simple and not in tail, then he bequeaths to his cousin Thomas Lower of Trecan, the manor of Skewis in Cornwall and all other lands "whereof I am now seized which came to the Lowers my auncestors by marriage with the Reskymers" and to the heirs of his said cousin forever, Provided that if his said daughter Elizabeth die without heirs of her body, then the moiety of all the lands left in trust for her by this will shall go to his cousin Thomas Lower of Trelaske in Cornwall; and the other moiety to his said daughter's husband at the time of her death, and if she have no husband to such person or persons as she shall devise the same.

To the said Sir Edward Brett, William Thomas and Emanuell Thomas, £100 each.

To Mistress Alice Firebrasse, £20.

To "my lovinge friend Mr. John Wilson in whose house I now am and to Elizabeth his daughter by a former wife" £100. "To Mistress Frances Wilson his now wife and her two children Edward and Katherine" £100 apiece.

"In case none of the manors and lands in England which came to mee after the death of my Cosen Lower deceased descended or came to mee in Tayle but in fee simple" he leaves another £100 to each of the three trustees, in all £200 each, and another £100 to Wm Wilson.

To his servants, Southaicke Cyprian and Mathew——and Nathaniel ——£5 a piece.

"To my Blackamore Boy John forty shillings and alsoe the silver coller and cuffes which have ordered and directed to bee given him."

To his coachman £5 "and my old Coach and wheeles."

To Mistress Wilson's maid servant Margarett, £5.

All his linen shirts to Mr. Wilson and the rest of his wearing apparel to be divided among his servants.

He appoints the said Sir Edward Brett, William Thomas and Emanuel Thomas, his Executors.

Witnesses: Cyprian Southaicke, Hercules Kinge, Mathew Butler, Arthur Ashton, Symon Webb, John Wilson, Mathias Pateley, Emanuel Thomas.

Codicil dated 17th August, 1661, by which he leaves to Mr. Jeremy Richardson £30, to Mr. Adam Marsh, £10, and to Mr. Barnard Stepney, £10. Witnesses: John Wilson, Frances Wilson, Emanuel Thomas.

The most important item revealed by the will is that Lower had a daughter. She figures not at all in the facts of his life. The only other known reference to her is to be found in the fact that Lower is said to have given her a copy of his play, *The Enchanted Lovers* (printed 1658), with manuscript notes and inscribed to his only child "Mistress Elizabeth Lower". This book was in Heber's collection,[41] but I have not been able to trace it. Even the indefatigable Sir John Maclean was forced to declare, "We know not when he married, but he left a daughter named Elizabeth"; and he closes the case thus: "What became of her we have not been able to discover."[42]

Of the other persons named in the will, I have been able to identify only one, and that one tentatively. The John Wilson in whose house Lower was living in 1661 at the time the will was made may have been the dramatist of that name, who was born about 1627 and who was admitted to Lincoln's Inn on October 31, 1646. The John Wilson who was musician to the king must be eliminated because of the fact that the date of his second marriage and the name of his second wife do not correspond to the circumstances as disclosed by Lower's will. The facts in the life of John Wilson the dramatist are scant, and neither the author of the biography in the *Dictionary of National Biography* nor Maidment and Logan in their Memoir of Wilson prefixed to their edition of his plays make clear Wilson's

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[41] *Dictionary of National Biography.* Article on Lower.

[42] Maclean, *op. cit.*, III, 381–2. See also *Notes and Queries*, 5th Series, IX, March 9, 1878, p. 187.

activities in 1661. The dramatist was, however, like Lower, a native of Cornwall, and by the known clannishness of Cornishmen and by the common interest of the two dramatists, we are perhaps justified in the hazard that the author of *The Cheats*, *The Projectors*, and *Belphegor* was Lower's "lovinge friend."

Wood's supposition that Lower was buried at St. Clements Danes must apparently remain a supposition; Seccombe found no trace of his burial there, at St. Winnow, or at Landulph, where his newly-inherited estates were located. The *Bibliotheca Cornubiensis* states that he died in London,[43] but my investigation into a large number of London parish records has failed to reveal any record of Lower's burial. The churches at Clifton and St. Winnow still show the grave stones and memorial tablets of several members of the family,[44] but at least for the present, Sir William's burial place must remain a mystery, along with the subsequent history of his daughter Elizabeth.

In the discussion of the life of Sir William Lower we have purposely omitted a list of his writings. None of the authorities have given a complete list of his works; no one of them has been reprinted, and several remain in manuscript. It seemed better, therefore, to consider separately the various items which came from his pen. Lower frequently neglected to state on the title page whether a certain piece was original or a translation, and hence some of his books, apparently original and the work of "Sir William Lower, Knight," but in reality quite literal translations, have misled some of the critics, as will be noted more in detail below. So far as I can ascertain, the following list of Lower's works is complete; none of the works were entered on Stationers' Register:

(1) The Phœnix in her Flames. A tragedy. The Scene, Arabia. The Author, Master William Lower. London, 1639.

This is apparently Lower's first composition. Seccombe calls it "the rarest and liveliest of Lower's printed works," but its rarity is not great, at least five copies being known in this country.

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[43] P. 327.

[44] The anonymous *History of Cornwall*, II, 408, has an interesting account of the memorial tablets of the Lower family.

(2) The Innocent Lady, or Illustrious Innocence. Rendered into English by Sir William Lower. London, 1654 and 1674.

A translation from a work of René de Ceriziers, many times reprinted and under various titles, the complete form being Les Trois Etats de l'Innocence, contenant l'Histoire de la Pucelle d'Orléans ou l'Innocence Affligée, de Geneviève ou l'Innocence Reconnue, d'Hirlande, ou l'Innocence Couronnée. Lower's Innocent Lady translates the second part of Ceriziers' work. (Not a play)

(3) The Innocent Lord, or The Divine Providence. Being the Incomparable History of Joseph, written originally in French, and now rendered into English by Sir William Lower. London, 1655.

A translation from Ceriziers' Joseph, ou la Providence Divine. (Not a play)

(4) Polyeuctes, or The Martyr. A Tragedy: By Sir William Lower. London, 1655.

A very literal translation of Corneille's Polyeucte, which until recent years has passed as an original work of Lower's.

(5) Horatius: A Roman Tragedy. By Sir William Lower, knight. London, 1656.

Another literal translation from Corneille (Horace). This has been noted as a translation from Langbaine's time on.

(6) The Triumphant Lady; or The Crowned Innocence. A Choice and Authentick Piece. Translated into English out of the Original French, by Sir William Lower. London, 1656.

A translation of Ceriziers' account of Hirlande, or Innocence Crowned. (Not a play)

(7) The Amorous Fantasme. A Tragi-Comedy. Hage, 1658 (according to Wood, but no copy of 1658 is known); Hage, 1660; London, 1661.

A translation of Quinault's Le Fantôme Amoureux. The 1661 edition is merely the unsold copies of 1660, bound with two other items in a volume called Three New Playes.

(8) The Enchanted Lovers: A Pastoral. Hage, 1658; London, 1661.

An original play. The 1661 edition is not a new edition but the unsold copies of the 1658 edition bound in Three New Playes.

(9) The Noble Ingratitude: A Pastoral Tragi-Comedy. Hage, 1659; London, 1661.

A translation of Quinault's La Généreuse Ingratitude. Wood mentions an edition of 1658, but no copy of that date is known; he probably had in mind the 1659 edition. The unsold copies were bound in Three New Playes, 1661.

(10) A Relation in Form of a Journal of the Voiage and Residence which the most excellent and most mighty Prince Charles II, King of Great Britain, & c. hath made in Holland, from the 25 of May to the 2 of June 1660. Rendered into English out of the original French, by Sir William Lower, Knight. Hage, 1660.

Wood (Athenae, III, 545) quotes Cole as follows: "Folio of 116 pages, finely printed, with several good prints of the ceremonies, and several copies of bad verses at the end, by sir Wm. Lower." Cole's comment is eminently just; the engravings are as excellent and interesting as the acrostics of Lower are bad.

(11) Three New Playes, viz. The Noble Ingratitude, a pastoral-tragi-comedy. The Enchanted Lovers, a pastoral. The Amorous Fantasme, a tragi-comedy. All written by Sir Wil. Lower knight. London, 1661.

As stated above, this volume is the result of Francis Kirkman's rebinding into one volume the unsold copies of the three plays named. Kirkman printed the new title-page quoted.

The following works of Lower were never printed:

(12) Don Japhet of Armenia.

A translation of Scarron's Don Japhet d'Arménie. The manuscript is in the British Museum (Add. Ms. No. 28,723). I have used a photostatic copy in this study.

(13) The Three Dorothies, or Jodolet Box'd.

Apparently a translation of Scarron's Les Trois Dorotées, ou le Jodolet Souffleté. The ms. is said to have been in the Skeffington Collection; its present whereabouts are unknown.

(14) The Pleasures of the Ladies.

A ms. translation which Wood records as having once been in the possession of Mr. Bowles. He had no further information concerning it, nor have we.

(15) Paraphrases on the Apostolical Epistles.

A translation from a work by Anthony Godeau, Bishop of Grasse and Venice. Mentioned in Bibliotheca Cornubiensis (I, 328) as being Harleian Ms. No. 4611. I have not seen the work. (Not a play)

For a man who is described as "an ill poet and worse man" and given to the "vices of poets" Lower showed remarkable interest in religious matters, since four of his books are translations of French works on religious martyrs and apostolical epistles. The purpose of this study, however, is to consider Lower as a dramatist and translator of plays; hence these four items and *The Relation* will not be discussed here. So far as this thesis is concerned,

then, Lower's works will be considered under two heads: First, the translations of plays, in which we shall compare with their originals *Polyeuctes*, *Horatius*, *The Noble Ingratitude*, *The Amorous Fantasme*, and *Don Japhet of Armenia*, the latter being the only one of the manuscript plays I have been able to find; Second, a somewhat more detailed study of the two original plays: *The Phœnix in her Flames* and *The Enchanted Lovers*.

Inasmuch as there has been considerable confusion concerning Lower's work, we shall first sketch the opinions of the critics who have discussed Lower's literary output, reserving, in general, the comments on specific plays for the discussions of those plays.

The earliest critic to comment on Lower's dramatic work was Gerard Langbaine, who lists six plays (Nos. 1, 4, 5, 7, 8, and 9 of the list given above), and notices that *The Amorous Fantasme* and *The Noble Ingratitude* are translations from Quinault; *Horatius* he correctly calls a translation from Corneille. In his failure to point out *Polyeuctes* as a translation, however, and in his discussing its sources and the "author's invention," he undoubtedly started an error which was perpetuated for many years: that *Polyeuctes* was Lower's original work. Langbaine also informs us that *The Amorous Fantasme*, *The Enchanted Lovers*, and *The Noble Ingratitude* "were printed together at the Hague, during the Author's exile; and at His Majesty's Return, the Remainder of the Copies were purchas'd by Mr. Kirkman, who printed new Titles in the yeare, 1661."[45] I have been able to find no verification of the statement that the three plays were printed *together* at the Hague; the extant copies were printed separately there, and later bound into one volume by Kirkman.

To Anthony à Wood we are indebted for the most nearly complete list of Lower's writings, eleven items being mentioned—all of our list except Nos. 11, 12, 13, and 15; he is furthermore our sole source of information regarding *The Pleasures of the Ladies*. Wood, like Langbaine, attempted to point out which plays were translations and which original, but he made unnecessary and erroneous qualifications in each case; *Horatius*, for instance, is "mostly a translation from . . . Corneille." *The Noble In-*

[45] *Op. cit.*, p. 334.

gratitude and *The Amorous Fantasme* are likewise mentioned as "mostly" translated from the French. *The Innocent Lady*, *The Triumphant Lady*, and *The Innocent Lord* are unequivocally (and correctly) called translations from Ceriziers.[46]

Wood was accurate as far as he went, but by his silence he carried on the tradition that *Polyeuctes* was original. Baker followed in the footsteps of Langbaine and Wood, and stated that Lower was fond of the French poets, "particularly Corneille and Quinault, on whose work he has built the plans of four out of the eight plays which he wrote." There follows a list which adds *Don Japhet* and *The Three Dorothies*, but concerned as he was with dramatic writings only, he justifiably omitted the translations from Ceriziers.[47] The usual biographical dictionaries, such as Granger's and Chalmers', add little new, except that Chalmers notes that Lower "translated from the French the first and third volumes of 'The Innocent Lady, or Illustrious Innocents [*sic*]'."[48] Obviously this should read "second and third" and "Innocence."

The comment of John Genest is of special interest for the way in which he completely accepts *Polyeuctes* as original, at the same time making the accurate observation that *Horatius* "is an inelegant, but probably a faithful translation of Corneille's piece." His criticism of *Polyeuctes* follows:

> Sir William Lower, in his Argument, tells us, that Polyeuctes and Nearchus are recorded in Ecclesiastical History as two Gentlemen of Armenia, who suffered martyrdom under the persecution of Decius, & c. He then enumerates the additions he had made to the real story—these additions do him credit, but still the story is too simple for 5 acts, and it admits of no variety—a great part of the dialogue is very well written, and this T. on the whole may fairly be considered as a good one—it was evidently meant to do honour to the Christian religion—yet there are some passages in it to which a sober Protestant would strongly object.[49]

Genest's discussion of *The Phœnix in her Flames* will be con-

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[46] *Athenae Oxonienses*, III, 545.
[47] *Biographia Dramatica*, Vol. I, Part II, pp. 463–4.
[48] *General Biographical Dictionary*, New Ed., London, 1815, XX, 431.
[49] *Some Account of the English Stage from the Restoration in 1660 to 1830*, 10 Vols., Bath, 1832, X, 70.

sidered later. F. G. Fleay makes no comment on Lower, merely mentioning *The Phœnix* in his list of plays.[50] Thomas Seccombe notes that Lower "translated and adapted French plays, mainly those of Corneille, Quinault, and Ceriziers."[51] So far as I can ascertain, Ceriziers wrote no plays; certainly the works of Ceriziers that Lower translated are not plays, either in the original or in the translations. Professor Felix E. Schelling discusses *The Phœnix* and notes that Lower was "the adapter of several French plays of Corneille, Scarron, and Quinault."[52] Mr. A. T. Bartholomew speaks of *Polyeuctes* and *Horatius* as "two very poor blank-verse versions of *Polyeucte* and *Horace*, respectively, executed by Sir William Lower," and adds that "neither piece seems to have been acted."[53]

With these comments, which constitute practically all of a general nature that have been made on Lower, we are ready to proceed to a more detailed consideration of his translations.

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[50] *A Chronicle History of the London Stage*, 1559–1642, London, 1890, p. 387.
[51] *Dictionary of National Biography*, Article on Lower.
[52] *Elizabethan Drama, 1558–1642*, 2 Vols., Boston and New York, 1908, II, 358.
[53] *Cambridge History of English Literature*, ed. A. W. Ward and A. R. Waller, 14 Vols., Cambridge and New York, 1907–1916, VIII, 204 (American edition).

II

Lower's Translations

When one comes to consider our dramatist as a translator from the French his first question will probably be, why did Lower attempt translation? In spite of Wood's declaration that he "became a perfect master of the French tongue," we shall see that Lower's translations exhibit no great facility in the language; it must be remembered, however, that translation in Lower's age was tried by nearly every one and for a variety of motives. One critic of the age sums the matter up thus: "Translating from the French . . . had become a commonplace thing which any one might undertake, either to improve a beginner's knowledge of the language, or to stock the shelves of the booksellers. The public was by this time [1655 ff.] demanding anything that was French."[1]

As an evidence of this wide-spread activity in translating, the following letter from a certain Robert Loveday, an upper servant to Lady Clinton, is of interest; Loveday is writing to a Mr. H., probably James Howell, since the letter is included in the Supplement to the Familiar Letters of James Howell:

> My next is the prosecution of a former desire that you would inquire of M. or any other Bookseller that is likely to inform you, if there be any new French book of an indifferent volume that is worth the translating, and not enterprised by any other; if there be, let me desire you would send it down, with Cotgrave's Dictionary of the last edition; . . . you may well think me unable for such an undertaking, but my worst successe will bestow a trebble benefit, because I shall make it serve to beguile melancholy, check idleness, and better my knowledge in the language; for the Book I am indifferent whether it be Romance, Essay, Treatise, History, or divinity, so it be worth the rendering in our language.[2]

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[1] Alfred H. Upham, *The French Influence in English Literature, From the Accession of Elizabeth to the Restoration*, Columbia University Thesis, New York, 1908, p. 399.

[2] *The Familiar Letters of James Howell*, ed. Joseph Jacobs, London, 1892, p. 686. See also Upham, *op. cit.*, p. 399.

From such a letter as this, one can see that translating had indeed "become a commonplace thing which any one might undertake."

Upham's comment on Lower as a translator runs as follows:

> The important translator of dramas at the close of this period [just before the Restoration] was Sir William Lower, practically all of whose work was done abroad. He left England in 1655 and occupied some post in the household of the Prince of Orange, at the Hague, where he busied himself with translations. From his pen came English versions of Corneille's *Polyeucte*, in 1655; of his *Horatius*, in 1656; of Scarron's *Three Dorothies* and *Don Japhet of Armenia*, in 1657; of Quinault's *Amorous Phantasm*, in 1659, closely followed by *The Noble Ingratitude* and *The Enchanted Lovers*, by the same author."[3]

The implication here is that *The Enchanted Lovers* is a translation from Quinault, but an examination of the complete works of Philippe Quinault reveals no play that could have served as the original of Lower's play. Upham's list of translations does not include *The Enchanted Lovers;* apparently it is an original play and should not have appeared in the paragraph quoted above.

Concerning Lower's translations from Corneille two recent critics have had a good deal to say. The first of these, Dr. Alfred Mulert,[4] after sketching Lower's work as seen in these two cases, states that Lower found himself at times incapable of securing an English term similar to the French, and that in such cases he frequently retained the French word, giving it an English form. For the most part he translates quite literally, says Dr. Mulert, entirely unconcerned about the rhythm, the result being that in the process Corneille's polished poetry becomes flat, stale, and unprofitable prose. Furthermore, since by such a method the content of an Alexandrine cannot generally be compressed into the shorter blank verse line, the translator is forced to frequent enjambements and at times to omissions which often lead to gross misrepresentation of the text. Mulert mentions several such errors of rendering, as for instance, that phrase wherein "peril qu'une femme a revé" is reduced to "an idle Fantasie',

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[3] *Op. cit.*, pp. 401–2.

[4] "Pierre Corneille auf der Englischen Bühne und in der Englischen Uebersetzungs-Literatur des Seibzehnten Jahrhunderts," *Münchener Beiträge zur Romanischen und Englischen Philologie*, XVIII, 1900, pp. 11–15.

(V, 4); or "Pour quelque soupirs qu'on vous a fait ouir" which becomes "For some sighs which you have heard." In another case Lower turns

> Cette sainte ardeur qui doit porter au bien
> Tombe plus rarement

into

> That holy heat which carrieth us to good
> Fals on a rock. (V, 35)

The critic especially objects to Lower's turning the lines into heroic couplets, as he sometimes does:

> Thou cruel Tiger, Decius, that doth thirst
> For blood, thou shalt be glutted till thou burst
> I feel a divine flame, whose ray will dim
> Paulina's beauty in her brightest trim,
> I look upon her now but as a toy
> That would detain me from my heavenly joy.

Dr. Mulert declares that with such miserable stuff as this, one can see how incapable this "poetic bungler" was of turning Corneille into English. He is inclined to believe that Lower may have been deliberately trying to deceive the public and pass the work off for his original composition, but undoubtedly Lower's real reason for failing to state that he was translating is that he considered the works of Corneille, Scarron, and Quinault so well-known that all readers would recognize his pieces as translations.

Besides these points made by Mulert, and based almost wholly on *Polyeuctes*, we may consider a few additional features of Lower's rendering of this play, since some of the most notable peculiarities in translation have not been pointed out. For instance, a clearer case of misreading could hardly be found than Lower's turning of

> Il est toujours aimable, & je suis toujours Femme, (I, 4)[5]

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[5] My references to the two plays of Corneille are to Vol. II of *Le Theatre de P. Corneille*, Revue et corrigé par l'Auteur, Lyon, 1698.

into

> He is always lovely,
> And I am always firm. (I, 4)

Or in the following lines *instinct* hardly conveys the true meaning of the French word *effort:*

> Il s'est offert pourtant, suivons ce saint effort. (II, 6)

> He offered himself;
> Let's follow this divine instinct. (II, 4)

Besides the matter of actual translation Lower sometimes made additions, combinations, and omissions. The *Examen de Polyeucte*, for instance, which Corneille prefixed to the play, is greatly condensed, yet Corneille's words are retained practically unchanged; scenes 4, 5, 6 of Act II become merely scene 4 in the translation, but without change of phraseology. The most striking of the additions or expansions are the following:

> Hélas! elle aime un autre, un autre est son Epoux. (II, 1)

> Another is her husband,
> Alas, my sad fate! she doth love another;
> It is impossible my grief to smother. (II, 1)

> Ouy, depuis quinze jours,
> Polyeucte, un Seigneur des prémiers d'Arménie,
> Gouste de son hymen la douceur infinie. (II, 1)

> Fifteen days have passed
> Since Hymen did appear in saffron robes
> To solemnize the nuptials; *Polyeuctes*,
> One of the chiefest of the Armenian Lords
> Doth taste the infinite sweetness of her bed. (II, 1)

Severe, in speaking of the old gods, says,

> Nous en avons beaucoup, pour estre de vrais Dieux.
> Enfin chez les Chrétiens les moeurs sont innocentes. (IV, 5)

> We have too many of them
> To be true gods. Perhaps these publick faiths

Are but inventions of wise Polyticks,
To keep the People under and to awe them,
And to establish their power on their weakness.
Lastly the manners of the Christians are Innocent. (IV, 5)

Finally, as a typical example of Lower's translation we may quote the following passage with its original phrase, "since I esteem you mud":

Source délicieuse en miséres féconde,
Que voulez-vous de moy, flateuses voluptez?
Honteux attachement de la Chair & du Monde,
Que ne me quittez-vous quand je vous ay quittez?
Allez, honneurs, plaisirs, qui me livrez le guerre. (IV, 2)

Delicious Spring of Love, yet fruitfull still
In misery, of me what is your will?
Ye flattering pleasures, baits of flesh and blood,
Why fly you not, since I esteem you mud?
Vanish vain honours, worldly glory pass,
Which shines, and is as brittle too as glass.
Hope not that I'le sigh after you at all,
It is in vain your weak charms to estall. (IV, 2)

The second of the critical commentaries on Lower's translations from Corneille appears in a Columbia University doctoral thesis by the American novelist, Dorothy Canfield.[6] Miss Canfield waxes quite scornful of the efforts of Sir William, saying, among other things, that "a reader of his translations will certainly consider unfounded" his reputation as a master of the French language; and, accepting whole-heartedly Dr. Richard Lower's opinion that his kinsman was "an ill poet and a worse man," she somewhat unjustly declares, "If he was a worse man than his translations of *Horace* and *Polyeucte* show him to have been a poet, the Puritans certainly lost nothing by his being of the opposite party." Like Mulert, she takes Lower to task for failing to indicate that he was translating, leaving the impression

[6] *Corneille and Racine in England. A Study of the English Translations of the two Corneilles and Racine*, New York, 1904.

(deliberately, she thinks) that the pieces were his own original work. Finding that *Horatius* seems to be the worse of the two translations, she therefore (as she says) takes it up for criticism, giving as the reason for the choice the statement that "at his worst Lower is so bad as to be highly entertaining." The fact that Dr. Mulert had, however, based all of his comments on *Polyeuctes* is more likely the reason for her choice of the other play.

Miss Canfield goes on to say that the printing in *Horatius* is "even more careless than is usual in books of that time, and the spelling more erratic." This study is in no sense a defence of Sir William Lower or of his printers, but obviously such a statement as this cannot be proved or disproved without an actual count of misprints in this book and in the majority of its contemporaries; but my own reading of the book does not impress me that Lower and his printer were worse sinners in this respect than many others. Another of her objections is that "the lines do not begin with capital letters, which detail gives a singular air of illiteracy to the pages." The critic rightly observes, however, that this manner of printing is, after all, not inappropriate to the work, "as the lines seem in many cases to be nothing but prose cut up into uncertain lengths."

In taking up specific instances of errors of translation Miss Canfield is on firmer ground, even if her views are somewhat effusively expressed. She finds "quite deliciously absurd" Lower's rendering of *melée* (referring to a battle) as *mixture*, and his turning of "faiblesses d'un grand coeur" into "imbecility".[7] These are undoubtedly absurd readings, and it is regrettable that Miss Canfield did not note a larger number of such instances.

The absolute literalness of the rendering is the first quality that strikes a reader of Lower's translation of *Horatius*, as was also the case with *Polyeuctes;* yet in spite of his ernest attempt to retain the literal meaning of the lines, Lower sometimes made a slight change which twists the meaning considerably. The two following passages reveal especially well this twisting of the intent:

> Qu'elle a tort de vouloir que je vous entretienne! (I, 2)
> Why flyes she, and would have me entertain you? (I, 2)

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[7] Canfield, *op. cit.*, pp. 22–25.

Il semble qu'à ces mots notre discorde expire,
Chacun jettant les yeux dans un rang ennemy,
Reconnoit un Beau-frére, un cousin, un amy. (I, 3)

He ended here, every one sigh'd with joy,
And looking each into the others ranks,
Knew there a friend, a cozen, or a brother. (I, 3)

In the following lines one is somewhat puzzled as to why Lower turned *superflus* into *frivolous:*

Et pour trancher enfin ces discours superflus,
Albe vous a nommé. (II, 3)

And lastly, to cut off this frivolous speech,
Alba hath nam'd you. (II, 3)

Frequently the turn considerably weakens the effect:

Faites vostre devoir, & laissez faire aux Dieux. (II, 8)

Do what you ought,
And in your combat have no other thought. (II, 8)

Not often, but occasionally, Lower omits a line altogether in his translation, as for instance, the following:

Non, non, cela n'est point, ou vous trompe Julie.
Rome n'est point sujette, ou mon Fils est sans vie;
Je connoy mieux mon sang, il scait mieux son devoir. (III, 6)

No, this cannot be:
Julia, you are deceived. Rome's not subject,
Or my Sons slain. (III, 6)

Finally, at the end of the play, Lower added outright a passage of twelve lines that in no way adds to the effect. In general, however, he is faithful to the sense of the original, and with the exception of such irregularities as those pointed out, he translates the literal meaning of the lines with such fidelity that Corneille's finished verse is turned into a rather uninspired prose.

Lower's translation from Philippe Quinault consists of two plays: *The Amorous Fantasme* (1658) and *The Noble Ingratitude* (1659). As in the case of the Corneille plays, the translator here also faithfully rendered the material in plain and uninspired form.

The Amorous Fantasme tells the story of a duke who orders his rival, Fabritio, killed, but by a mistake Fabritio escapes, a stranger being killed in his place. Afterwards when he is seen by various persons he is thought a spirit. The business of Fabritio's seeking his lady Climene is complicated also by the fact that his friend Carlos is in love with his (Fabritio's) sister Isabella. The duke finally comes face to face with the "spirit" of Fabritio, and in his fright relinquishes his claim to Climene, thus leaving the two lovers, Fabritio and Carlos, in possession of their ladies. The working out of the various incidents, especially those centering around Fabritio, makes a very effective play.

So far as I am able to find out, *The Amorous Fantasme* is the only one of Lower's plays (either translations or original) to be performed. Mrs. Mary Anne Everett Green informs us that

> The New Year [1660] was welcomed by the performance of a tragic comedy, entitled "The Amorous Fantasme," composed by Sir William Lower, and dedicated, in flattering terms, to the princess royal, who received it with every mark of favour.[8]

This note, together with the following Dedication, lends weight to the belief that Lower probably held some post in the household of the Princess Royal:

> To Her Highnesse the Princesse Royall: Madam, In presuming to dedicate this imperfect Peece to the most accomplish'd Princesse of the Earth, I confesse to shew much more ambition then discretion, more rashness then solid reason and moderation; but seeing ordinarily that the greatest Persons have the least pride, and the most charity, I cast my selfe wholy upon your clemency, and fly the test of your judgment, which being so exact, would doubly condemne me, first in the designe it selfe, next in the conduct, and consequence of it, as being a composition weak, and unworthy of so high a Patronage. If it may serve to divert Your Highnesse in some vacant hower when your sub-

[8] *Lives of the Princesses of England*, 6 Vols., London, 1885, VI, 279. See also DNB article on Princess Mary of Orange.

lime thoughts are suspended, I have the onely end I aime at, and shall glory in the honour and happines to introduce some thing with the New Yeere, which may give you the least satisfaction: my conclusion is a most humble petition for pardon, and a favourable censure of the bould ambition, which I have to entitle my selfe, Madam, your Highnesse most humble, most obedient, and most faithfull servant William Lower.[9]

Lower also added a "Prologue to the Court," which was apparently his own work, and which contains flattering allusions to the "divine shapes" that strike his eyes, the following lines probably referring to the Princess:

> Madam, to you then from whose beautious sight
> Those lesser Starrs derive their borrowed light,
> First I addresse me.

In like manner the "Epilogue to the Court" makes a bid for her favor, especially in these lines:

> Faire Queen of this night
> Not Cynthia, but a Goddesse far more bright
> To You I kneel.

The translation itself is so close to the original that little need be said about it. Lower's usual tendency to use a word resembling the French term is frequently seen, as in such a case as this:

> A ta rare amitié je suis trop redevable. (I, 3)[10]
>
> I am highlie redevable
> To thy rare friendship. (I, 3)

Likewise, he tends to amplify without actually adding to the thought:

> N'accrois point mes ennuis avecque tes douleurs. (I, 5)

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[9] All of these quotations are from the text of the play as it is found in *Three New Playes*, 1661.

[10] The references to the two plays of Quinault are to Volumes I and II of *Le Theatre de Monsieur Quinault, contenant ses Tragedies, Comedies, et Operas*, Nouvelle edition, 5 Vols., Paris, 1739.

Oh open not
Those pretious sluces, keep that treasure in;
Encrease not my affliction with thy griefe. (I, 4)

In somewhat similar fashion he renders the words of Carlos upon entering the house of his mistress:

De ce logis voyant la porte ouverte,
Je n'ai pû refuser l'occasion offerte;
Et suivant mon amour j'ai crû pouvoir monter,
Sans perdre le respect & sans vous irriter. (II, 2)

Pardon me
This bold intrusion, seeing the dore open,
I could not but lay hould of the occasion;
And following my love, I thought I might
Without offending you with disrespect
Enter, to cast my selfe at your faire feet. (II, 2)

The most significant addition in Lower's version of the play comes in the matter of stage directions; numerous entrance and exit notices and such directions as "puts gould in her hand" indicate that he probably had stage performance in mind when he translated. On the whole *The Amorous Fantasme* is the most effective of Lower's translations.

The second translation from Quinault, *The Noble Ingratitude*, concerns itself with a complicated love story in which Zelinda, daughter of Lindarache and sister of Abencerage, is so much in love with Zegry that she follows him, disguised as a boy. As the boy Ormin she is captured by pirates and sold to Zegry as a slave. Zegry has saved the life of Abencerage (passing under the name of Almansor) and thereby has become a close friend of one whose family is his traditional enemy. A further complication arises in the fact that Zegry loves Fatima, and Almansor loves Zegry's sister Zaida. By a letter which is misinterpreted, Lindarache and Almansor believe that Zegry has raped Zelinda, and therefore Almansor seeks vengeance on the friend to whom he owes his life. Meanwhile, Zegry, thinking Almansor has robbed him of his mistress, Fatima, comes to kill Almansor. Zelinda, still disguised

as Ormin, overhears all the threats, however, and explains everything. In the end all of the gentlemen have the ladies of their preference: Zelinda is rewarded for her faithfulness by being bestowed upon Zegry; Almansor takes Zaida; and Adibar (formerly in love with Zaida) easily transfers his affection to Fatima.

Lower dedicatedhis translation of this pleasant little piece to the Queen of Bohemia in the following terms:

> To Her Majesty, the Queen of Bohemia: Madam, were I not fully perswaded that this Dramatic Piece in the Original is one of the best that hath been presented upon the French stage, I should not have presumed to offer the Copy to the best of Queens, and indeed the most Juditious of Women. If I have failed in my judgment of the Author's work, I am indisputably right in the character of my Patroness: Your Majesties goodness in pardoning this presumption, and in approving the Plot and Language of the Play in my Version, hath begotten this ambition in me, to publish it under the favour of your Royall protection, which will secure it indubitably from the malevolent censures of any ignorant, arrogant, or malignant person whatsoever. If in the intervals of your high contemplations your serious thoughts shall descend to divert them a little, as before, so now after the Dedication and Impression, in reading those Sceanes, I must ever esteem it an unparalel'd honour to me, who am, Madam, your majesties most humble, most obedient, and most faithfull Servant William Lower.[11]

The phrase, "Your Majesties goodness . . . in approving the Plot and Language of the Play in my Version," seems to indicate that the translated form was known to the Queen of Bohemia before publication. Whether this is true, and whether such acquaintance was from a performance of the play or merely by circulation of the manuscript, I am unable to say.

In quality the translation is similar to the preceding plays. Striving always for the literal meaning of the line Lower nevertheless sometimes slightly changed the intent, usually with a weakening effect. The brief and effective line, "Qu' Adibar est aimable!" loses a good deal when translated as

> I think that Adibar is not a person
> To be despis'd. (II, 2)

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[11] From *The Noble Ingratitude* in *Three New Playes.*

As we have noted before, Lower occasionally felt, apparently, that the meaning would not be clear without the addition of more words; such seems to be the case in the following addition:

Entrons, & ne jurez de rien. (II, 7)

Swear not but let us enter;
Your mind will change, when you have heard th' adventure. (II, 7)

The translator made no attempt to handle the stanzaic features of the original, but rendered those portions of the play in his customary type of blank verse:

A quoi me resoudrai-je en ce mortel ennui?
Dois-je solliciter ma rivale aujourd'hui
Pour un maître ingrat qui m'outrage?
Et s'il paroît aveugle à mon desavantage,
La serai-je encore plus que lui? (III, 2)

Whereto shall I resolve me in this sad
Extremity? Shall I sollicit now
My Rivall gainst my selfe in the behalf
Of an ingratfull master that doth wrong me?
And though he appeares blind to my disadvantage,
Shall I approve my selfe so more then he? (III, 2)

It must be noted that the number of actual misinterpretations found in this play is small; apparently Lower's grasp of the French language is becoming surer than it was when he set out to put Corneille into English.

The last of the translations of Sir William Lower which are available to us is *Don Japhet of Armenia*, from a play of the same title by Scarron. *Don Japhet* was never printed, but it is preserved in a fair manuscript copy in the British Museum. The title character was a fool of the Emperor Charles V, and because of his vainglorious stupidity he is made the butt of many jokes, some of them rather crude. The main story, however, concerns not Don Japhet, but Don Alfonso Enriquez, a Spanish cavalier who is ordered to marry Leonora, daughter of a commander. Don

Alfonso, having fallen in love with a country girl and preferring to remain near her, takes service (in disguise) with the fool, Don Japhet. The country girl proves to be no other than Leonora herself, a fact which Don Alfonso discovers only when Don Japhet presents himself at the palace as the suitor of Leonora. There are many complications, but in the end more fun is made of Don Japhet, and Don Alfonso is glad to obey his mother and take Leonora as his wife.

Unable as we are to assign a date to this translation we cannot make a comparison of it with others as to any development in Lower's powers as a translator, but on the basis of the work itself we should probably place it before the two translations from Quinault. From the manuscript, however, some insight is gained into the way Lower worked. Evidently when he did not know the English equivalent for a French word he inserted the original French term or one resembling it, and then later he would perhaps go back and insert the proper English word. Frequently though he must have failed to make the revision. Japhet's words,

> Pourquoy cette Soutanne?
> Estes-vous in sacris, il est antiprofane?
> Estes-vous medecin, estes-vous Avocat? (I, 3)[12]

appear in the translation as

> And wherefore this Soutanne?
> Are you in sacrise? that is antiprofane: (I, 3)

with a line drawn through *Soutanne* and the words *black coat* inserted above. A similar case is Alfonce's remark, "Je suis grand Spadacin," which first appears "I am a great Spadacin," but apparently finding the English term, Lower interlined the word *swaggerer* for *Spadacin*. (I, 3).

Frequently Lower's word coinages are most apt, as for instance, the case of Don Japhet's calling Leonore a "friponne" and saying, "Ouy tu m' as friponné," which appears in the translation as,

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[12] The quotations from Paul Scarron's *Don Japhet d'Armenie* are from *Les Dernieres Oeuvres de Monsieur Scarron*, 2 Vols. in 1, Lyon, 1697.

"Th' ast wantonis'd me." (II, 1). In another place Japhet says, "Le Cousin de Caesar est assourdy sans doute," and Lower turns it "The cosin of Caesar is without doubt surdified." (III, 4). Still another instance of this trick is the following:

> Dans l'Etat on s'est emmarquisé,
> On trouve à chaque pas un Marquis supposé. (III, 4)
>
> Assoone as
> One is immarquessated in the State,
> One finds at everie step a suppos'd marquesse. (III, 4)

There is at least one case in the play where Lower apparently misunderstood the meaning of a passage. Don Japhet and Foucaral are being struck in the dark by unseen assailants who strike, and run, and strike again. To protect themselves, Japhet suggests that they put themselves back to back and thus be ready to strike out. Foucaral, in the darkness, demands "Où diable vous trouver?" as he tries to find the back of his companion. In the translation this touch is entirely lost as Lower has Foucaral say, "The Deuill! they'll finde us." (IV, 3).

Further details of *Don Japhet of Armenia* are unnecessary. From the consideration of this play and the four preceding, we can safely say that Lower's translations are, in general, faithful renderings of the sense of the original, but it must be confessed that they are always on a level of baldness and mediocrity, never rising into poetry but always done in the peculiarly patternless form of blank verse characteristic of Lower and some of his contemporary versifiers. There are times, as we have seen, when Lower's translation of a certain word or phrase throws doubt, as Miss Canfield says, upon the correctness of Wood's statement concerning Lower's mastery of the French language. It is quite probable that the only one of the translated plays to be produced was *The Amorous Fantasme*, but (if we may trust Mrs. Green's information) the reception accorded it was a cordial one.

Certainly no one can demand a high place for Lower among the translators, but he and his work are worthy of some consideration as evidences of the widespread interest in things French and in

things dramatic during the time when the London theatres were closed under the Commonwealth.

It may be of some interest also to inquire into the extent of Lower's interest in the literature of France. Corneille's *Horace* appeared in 1640; his *Polyeucte* in 1642. Lower's translation of the latter was published in 1655, and that of *Horace* in the year following. Quinault, whose years are 1635–1688, was producing plays in the fifties, and within two or three years after the production of *Le Fantôme Amoureux* and *La Généreuse Ingratitude*, they were available in Lower's English version. Scarron (1610–1660) was obviously an exact contemporary of Sir William Lower; *Les Trois Dorotées* was produced in 1645 and *Don Japhet d'Arménie* about the same time. Since Lower's translations from Scarron were never published, it is not possible to state precisely the dates of their composition, but inasmuch as most of Lower's literary activity dates after the middle of the century, their approximate dates can be set down as between 1655, say, and his death in 1662.

The translations from Ceriziers have not been considered in this paper on account of the fact that they are not plays but religious treatises. In their composition, however, they fall exactly within the period of Lower's activity. Ceriziers, born in 1609 and dying in 1662, produced most of his works in the forties and early fifties. Lower's translations from Ceriziers began in 1654.

With the vogue of the French romance at the time and with its coloring in Lower's original plays, we have another evidence that Lower's interest was confined to contemporary popular writings. He is thus strictly a man of his age.

III

The Phœnix in Her Flames

A reader of Sir William Lower's *Phœnix in her Flames* and *The Enchanted Lovers* will likely be reminded of the romances of *longue haleine* which came into such prominence in France and England in the seventeenth century; for the two plays have several of the stock elements of the French prose romance. Apparently, however, no one of the romances served directly as a source of the plays. A comparison of *The Phœnix in her Flames*, for instance, with the interesting composite romance built up by Mr. Herbert Wynford Hill[1] out of the properties employed by La Calprenede reveals some similarity between certain features of the play and the romances of that writer. Amandus, the hero of the play, is reduced from his rightful station; he performs wonders in battle, preserving a kingdom from ruin and falling in love with the princess of the realm which he saves. On the other hand, however, one can find an even larger number of points of dissimilarity, the most notable being, of course, the fact that *The Phœnix* ends in tragedy; the hero is killed in a duel, and the heroine commits suicide afterwards.

A consideration also of the summaries of romances in Koerting,[2] Saintsbury,[3] and Professor T. P. Haviland's forthcoming study[4] points to a similar conclusion with regard to the romances of other writers; that is, that Lower perhaps took here and there a situation or a type character and built up his tragedy out of such elements. Many of these situations are of such common occurrence in the romances that it is virtually impossible to say that any particular one served as the model.

It may be noted in passing that *The Phœnix in her Flames* bears

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[1] *La Calprenede's Romances and the Restoration Drama*, University of Chicago Thesis, *University of Nevada Studies*, II, 3 and III, 2, 1910–1911, pp. 58–61.

[2] *Geschichte des Französischen Romans im XVII Jahrhundert*, Leipzig, 1891.

[3] *A History of the French Novel to the Close of the Nineteenth Century*, 2 Vols., London, 1917.

[4] "*The Roman de Longue Haleine*" *on English Soil*, University of Pennsylvania Thesis, to be published soon.

also some similarity to the "heroic play". Professor J. W. Tupper's remarks on this type of drama shed considerable light on the problem:

> There are so many points of resemblance between the romantic plays of the early Stuarts and the heroic plays of the late Stuarts that the latter drama may be regarded as the legitimate development of the former. It is a development in the hands of persons seeking for violent effects, exaggerating characteristics already beyond the bounds of the natural, and elaborating the artificial. It is also a development helped on in its artificial course by the influence of the French romances and the French drama.[5]

These characteristics Professor Tupper lists as: a scene in a strange or distant land; characters of exalted station; a contrast between the pure and sensual love; love affairs embroiled with affairs of state; a series of exciting events reaching a thrilling denouement; etc. In these plays the hero passes from "the sentimental, ineffective violent type to the supernaturally valiant type . . . The heroine is less sentimental, more self-assertive, possessing more control over the hero than her prototype in the romantic drama."[6] As will be seen presently, many of these elements are found in *The Phœnix in her Flames;* yet the play can hardly be classed as of this type.

Lower's true place, so far as *The Phœnix* is concerned, is thus not to be found among the real precursors of the heroic play. It must be remembered that the note of decadent romanticism of the last years of the reign of Charles I took several directions. One of these branches does form a certain transition from the old drama to the heroic plays of the Restoration.

With Fletcherian tragicomedy as a model, such writers as Lodowick Carlell and Thomas Killigrew (to a less extent, Davenant) produced a type of play which in some ways foreshadows the heroic play.[7] Carlell's *Deserving Favorite*, for example, has an

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[5] Introduction to Davenant's *Love and Honour* and *The Siege of Rhodes*, Boston, 1909, pp. xix–xx. See also Professor Schelling, *op. cit.*, II, 348 ff; Professor C. G. Child, "The Rise of the Heroic Play," *Modern Language Notes*, XIX, 166–173; and Professor Tupper, "The Relation of the Heroic Play to the Romances of Beaumont and Fletcher," *Publications of the Modern Language Association*, XX, 584–621.

[6] Tupper, *Introduction*, pp. xix–xx.

[7] Schelling, *Elizabethan Drama*, II, 426. See also pp. 348–360.

intricate plot dealing principally with a conflict between love and duty; two of his plays are evidently modeled on the romances of the time, and *Arviragus and Philicia* has all the elements of Fletcherian tragicomedy with great emphasis upon the heroic element. *The Passionate Lovers* and *The Fool Would Be a Favorite* likewise tend to the heroic mould with many artificialities. *Osmond the Great Turk* takes the reader to a pseudo-historic orient and presents a heroic conflict between the hero's love for his mistress and his loyalty to his master.

Thomas Killigrew is of much the same general nature as Carlell. His dramas are brimming over with adventure, especially in out-of-the-way places, and they present a looseness of construction similar to that of Lower's *Phœnix*. *Claricilla* takes us back to the time of ancient Rhodes; *The Prisoners* is full of melodramatic activities of a pirate in Sardinia, and has a decidedly heroic note in a debate between two noble slaves as to whether they should betray their master's trust or carry a fair lady into captivity. The heroic spirit of *The Princess* is evident in the fact that a princess of Sicily is sold into slavery; is finally restored; and at last is married to an enemy of her country. Though Killigrew's *Cicilia and Clorinda or Love in Arms* came after the Restoration, it may be mentioned here on account of the significance of its source: *Le Grand Cyrus*, one of the most famous of the romances of long breath.

It is thus seen that the dramatic work of Carlell and Killigrew marks a stage in the course of drama from the romances of Fletcher to the Restoration heroic play.

There is, however, a slightly different aspect of decadent romance, and this—a revival of the heroical romance—may be seen in the works of such writers as John Kirke, John Gough, and Sir William Lower. Kirke's *Seven Champions of Christendom* (1634) is romance run wild. We see a witch visited by the devil; the action wanders from Trebizond to Tartary; dragons are numerous; and devils fill the stage. Gough's *Strange Discovery* (before 1640) is a rambling dramatization of Heliodorus' famous romance, *Theagenes and Chariclea*, and its connection with Lower's *Phœnix* is thus fairly close, since there are good reasons for believing that Lower also drew on this romance for material for *The Phœnix*.

With *The Phœnix in her Flames* laid in Damascus and Arabia, we see something of the tendency to place the action in the "romantic" orient, and the looseness of the structure of Lower's play is quite in harmony with the structure of the plays of Kirke, Gough, Carlell, and Killigrew. The detailed consideration of *The Phœnix* reveals more clearly the nature of this type of heroic romance.[8]

The Phœnix in her Flames is, so far as is known, Lower's first composition and first published work. The play was published in 1639 and has not been reprinted; it appears in a quarto of ninety-four pages (including dedication, prologue, and epilogue); the pages are not numbered, and the signature notations are not always indicated.

Although there is no evidence that *The Phœnix* was ever produced, there is every reason for thinking that Lower had the stage in mind as he wrote. Stage directions, matters of entrance and exit, and the words of the prologue and epilogue point to the author's conception of the piece as an acting play. The division into acts is, however, quite haphazard; there are three short acts of one scene each, and a fourth and concluding act which is as long as the other three together. The action in the last act clearly calls for additional breaks.

The Phœnix has not received much attention from critics, but the comment has been by no means wholly unfavorable. Genest summarizes the plot and ends his comment with these characteristic words: "This is a good T.—the plot is romantic but interesting."[9] Thomas Seccombe calls it (somewhat ambiguously perhaps) "the rarest and liveliest of Lower's printed works."[10] The opinion of Sir A. W. Ward[11] is somewhat more favorable:

> *The Phœnix in her Flames* . . . must be allowed to possess a certain dignity of style, to some extent justifying its lofty pretensions in scheme and nomenclature. The heroine, Phaenicia, daughter of the King of Arabia, expires in self-kindled aromatic flames, on learning of the death of Prince

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[8] For this survey of decadent romance I have drawn largely upon Professor Schelling's account in *Elizabethan Drama*.
[9] *Some Account of the English Stage*, X, 69–70.
[10] *Dictionary of National Biography*, Article on Lower.
[11] *History of English Dramatic Literature*, III, 290.

Amandus of Damascus, brought about by the passionate fury of her kinsman Alecto. The blank-verse of the play, in which prose scenes are interspersed, is at least equal to that of Sir William Lower's translations from Corneille, *Polyeuctes the Martyr* (1655) and *Horatius* (1656).

Professor Schelling[12] well characterizes *The Phœnix* as "an unquestionable if extravagant specimen of the degenerate prose romance dramatized," and sums up the story thus:

The Phœnix relates the wanderings in Arabia of Amandus, Prince of Damascus, who has been deprived of his city by Tartars. He is captured by robbers who have likewise in their power a fair Princess of Egypt whom Amandus preserves, but against whose amorous blandishments he is proof because he has fallen in love with a picture of the fair Phaenicia, Princess of Arabia. In the end he meets Phaenicia, and after killing her father's enemy, King Perseus of Persia, unhappily expires of wounds received in that encounter. As for the Arabian princess, she dies, like the Phoenix, smothered in the fumes of incense.

Turning to the play itself we note first its dedication to Thomas Lower; from this dedication we see something of Lower's feeling about his work as well as the relationship between the two cousins:

To the Right Worshipfull, My Most Honoured Cosin, Thomas Lower Esquire, humbly; Health and Happinesse. Sir, It was once disputed within me, whether to give this poore Phaenix birth or buriall, whether to commit her to the fire, and suppresse her in her ashes, or let her ascend againe in her owne nature and live; there was onely one reason to perswade the former, and that was your favourable and courteous approbation, divers considerations to urge the later [*sic*], but the chiefest of all her imperfections. I have adventured notwithstanding by vertue of your patronage, to expose her to the publicke view and censure of the world, no longer now behaving my selfe as I have seene a timorous young souldier at his first entrance i'th'warre, ducke downe the head at every shot of th' enemy, but rather as a bold and experienced Martialist under your Colours, runne resolutely on up to the Canons mouth of the most carping and malitious Critick whatsoever, needing no other fortification then your protection, which is a sufficient guard and defence against their strongest invasion. Cherish this innocent bird that flyes into your bosome for sanctuary, respect her for her rarity, though she can plead no other merit, and in lieu of such noble favour, she hath vow'd

[12] *Elizabethan Drama*, II, 358–9.

(when she expires) to make her selfe in her flames your sacrifice, as I Your Servant, William Lower.[13]

The Prologue of *The Phœnix* likewise reveals Lower's confidence in his powers:

> This aire shall be perfum'd, and every sence
> Delighted with sweet smelling frankinsence
> And aromatick fumes: for please you know,
> Gentle Spectators, from our Sceane doth grow
> Abundance of such fragrant stuffe, you'll see
> A Play that breathes *Arabian* spicerie,
> And such a doleful story as may take
> Your minds to see a Prince and Princesse fate
> Presented, and their hard adventures showne,
> Yea make you weepe, and think they are your own:
> Our Poet fears none but the common wits,
> Who think a Sceane's not good unless it fits
> Their merry humours with some apish toyes,
> And peevish jeasts fancyed by girles and boyes,
> Despis'd by abler judgements, who desire
> A sad and solid matter, such a fire
> Is kindled for you heere; we feare no blame
> Shall brand our *Phœnix* in her Funerall Flame.

Lower's anticipation of the plaudits of "abler judgements" and his scorn of "common wits" probably both alike passed unnoticed, but this is not his only appeal. The Epilogue is even stronger evidence that he expected stage performance for *The Phœnix*; why it was not produced we do not know; worse plays appeared on the boards in those last years before the closing of the theatres. The Epilogue follows:

> A novelty is hapned since the Play
> Was ended, and it came to passe this way,
> A scrowle was found within the spicy bed
> Of that rare Phœnix, faire Phaenicia dead,
> Seal'd up, and superscrib'd thus, to all such

[13] References to *The Phœnix* are to the first and only edition, the Quarto of 1639, a copy of which is in the Library of the University ofPennsylvania.

> Whom mine and Prince Amandus fate doth touch
> With any sorrow: these were the contents,
> We thanke you all for your kinde Audience.
> Come, and be welcome still, and let your friends
> Who have not seene as yet our tragicke end,
> Come here and weepe with you, untill together,
> You make up this a full press'd theater:
> Then it shall please our ghosts to thinke the age
> Pities our wrongs presented on the Stage.

Before proceeding to an analysis of the play and its construction and characterization, we shall summarize the story in somewhat more detail than was done in the criticisms which have been quoted.

Amandus, Prince of Damascus, finding himself dispossessed of the city when it is captured by the Tartars, sets out on a journey to find a certain unknown young lady with whose portrait he has long been in love. Lucinda, Princess of Egypt, is captured by a band of robbers while she is *en route* to Persia to be married to the prince of that land. The two captains of the robber band, appropriately named Rapinus and Praedarius, fall in love with Lucinda and are just about to come to blows over her, when a meeting between the robber band and Amandus' little party puts an end to their rivalry. In the encounter Amandus kills Praedarius, but he and his party are captured by the robbers.

To prevent harsh treatment of the new captives, Lucinda intercedes on their behalf, and she herself—skilled in surgery—binds up the wounds of captors and captives alike, falling in love with Amandus in the process. Though she soon declares her love for him, in a pleasantly straightforward but maidenly fashion, he gives her no encouragement. Rapinus, the remaining robber captain, attempts to ravish Lucinda after he has heard of her love for Amandus, but the latter arrives in time to save Lucinda and kill Rapinus.

Prince Persius, hearing that his betrothed, Lucinda, has been captured, invades Arabia with a great army. Amandus, now the chosen leader of the robbers, persuades his followers to become honest soldiers in the service of the King, and they all proceed to the court, where their offer is accepted, and Amandus is appointed

captain of one wing of the army, Alecto, nephew of the King, being the other commander. In the battle, Alecto's wing is pushed back, but by the extraordinary valor of Amandus, the Arabians are victorious, and Prince Persius is captured.

Upon seeing Phaenicia, the Arabian Princess, Amandus at once recognizes her as the original of his beloved portrait. Though he declares his love for her and is accepted, their bliss is short lived. Persius, although betrothed to Lucinda, no sooner sees Phaenicia than he transfers his affection to her. To gain his ends he falls a prey to the schemes of the villainous Alecto, who is planning to hew his way to the throne. He persuades Persius to challenge Amandus to a duel, charging him with dishonorable conduct towards Lucinda when the two were in the hands of the robbers. Alecto's real design is to make away with the survivor (whichever he may be) and thus have two obstacles fewer in his way to the throne; the king he plans to dispose of by poison.

In the fight, Amandus kills Persius, but is killed in turn by Alecto, who then meets his death at the hands of the friends of Amandus. In despair at the death of her lover, Phaenicia persuades her physician to prepare for her a funeral pyre that she may die the death of the phoenix—suffocated in the aroma of spices and perfumed flames. In this romantic fashion she dies, and her father dies of a broken heart. Lucinda returns to Egypt, there to live a votary of Diana.

Structure

As is evident even in a summary of the story, *The Phœnix* has an abundance of good and interesting material; there is action, warlike and amorous; there are fights with robbers in remote, inaccessible hills; fair maidens are captured by lustful robbers; killings abound; and bloody battles are fought. A complicated love tangle brings about tragedy and death for all the principal personages. A self-revealing villain, a distant cousin of Iago, plots the overthrow of all his foes; one of his plots results in a fatal duel over a lady; and there follows this, a highly romantic suicide which gives the play its name. Yet in spite of all the material and in spite of Lower's obvious attempts to write an actable play, *The Phœnix in her Flames* is not well constructed.

An analysis of the plot reveals a three-fold action or a plot of three threads: (a) Amandus, Prince of Damascus, in love with the picture of Phaenicia, leaves home to seek the lady when his city is captured by the Tartars; (b) Lucinda, Princess of Egypt, is bethrothed to Persius, the Prince of Persia; (c) A band of thieves serves as the unifying link for the other two threads and at the same time sets in motion the whole action from which grows the tragedy. It is the capture of Amandus and Lucinda, for instance, that brings about the complication in the love affairs of all concerned. Their capture of Lucinda places her in a position to see and become enamored of Amandus, with the resulting campaign of Persius, which brings him to see Phaenicia and thus transfer his affections from Lucinda to the Arabian princess. The capture of Amandus gives him an opportunity to serve the Arabian king and meet Phaenicia. Of course back of the tragedy of the love complication stands also Alecto, but his plot could never have got under way had it not been for the actions of the robbers in preparing the material for his scheming.

The way in which this one thread of the robbers unites and unifies the material of the play seems to point to a closely-knit action; yet such is not the case. The fault lies, however, not in the blocking out of the material, but rather in Lower's total lack of a sense of dramatic economy. He apparently knew none of the devices whereby a dramatist presents in brief compass, the necessary antecedent action and exposition. Lower requires three acts to bring together his principal characters. Amandus is in Damascus; Phaenicia in Arabia; Persius in Persia; and Lucinda on the road between Egypt and Persia; and it is only on page sixty-two (the play proper has ninety-one pages) that these main characters come together.

The result of this delay is, naturally, a very slow movement throughout the first sixty pages, with comparatively little action; and a very rapid movement with insufficient development, either of character or of incident, in the last thirty pages. Something of the slowness of movement in the early part of the play can be seen in Lower's apparent efforts to provide what we call motivation. Amandus and his friends are traveling through *Arabia Deserta*, and the Prince is made to ask a series of rather foolish

questions, obviously with the purpose of informing the audience of the location, of Amandus' love for Phaenicia's portrait, etc.

Amand. What ayre doe we now breath in?
Consol. Sir, this Country
Is term'd the desarts of Arabia
Where we now travell in.
Amand. Not that same Country,
So famous for the Phaenix and her nest,
And for that second Phaenix, rare Phaenicia,
(Farre more to be admired than the first)
Th' Arabian Kings faire daughter? (D verso)

Consolario, the aged adviser of the young prince, carefully explains that the home of the phoenix (and of Phaenicia) is *Arabia Felix*, whereas they are now in *Arabia Deserta*. Somewhat later Amandus resumes his questioning:

Amand. . . . You told me now
This was a part of faire *Arabia*,
Termed *deserta*, and another part
Hight Felix, there's another yet besides,
Or else the history is false that writes it.
How name you that?
Consol. That Sir is *Petraea*,
So call'd of *Petra*, the chiefe City in't,
Or else because 'tis rocky.
Amand. Which of these
Arabia faelix, *Petraea* or *deserta*
Is that sweet soyle so much commended for
Her gummes and spices, odours, and perfumes?
I'm sure it is not this.
Consol. No, that is *Faelix*,
And rightly beares it that denomination;
For 'tis a happy Country. (D2 recto)

With many pages of this non-dramatic dialogue and lack of movement it is easy to understand why the play does not stand higher in the histories of drama. That Lower was consciously striving to motivate the actions of the play is, however, clear from

the treatment of the relation of the thieves to their captains. By preparation in advance the dramatist thus tries to make more reasonable the election of one of their captives to the captaincy of the band. Such an attempt is especially noticeable in the rather delightful little reference to the beatings given them by their leader:

2 theef. Come let's away then, we shall be found tardie else, and perchance tould so much by a dumbe instrument called the cudgell.

1 theef. Indeed he speakes often to us in that language.
But come Comrades the times may alter'd be,
When we shall speake that speech so well as he,
And make him understand us when we call,
As he doth make us now, this may befall.
(E2 recto)

The general framework of the phoenix legend and the application of it to the play are rendered somewhat ineffective by the fact that Lower presented such a great amount of material before he actually introduces Phaenicia. It is true that we know of her existence by the incident of Amandus' having fallen in love with her portrait, but the impression of the reader is that too many things intervene between the first mention of the custom of the phoenix and the death of Phaenicia in a perfumed bed. Undoubtedly much of this impression is due to the part of Lucinda. She is introduced into the play early, and her character is developed to a considerable degree of fullness, apparently for no other reason than to have her love rejected by one man and have her proffered affection refused by another. We tend to center our interest in her case and thus lose sight of the fact that Phaenicia and her death are supposedly the principal items of interest.

Looked at purely as a narrative, however, the piece is by no means lacking in interest. The way in which Lower marshals the incidents shows that he might have done well in the short romantic tale. Lacking though a true dramatic sense, an understanding of dramatic economy, and the power to draw full-length portraits, he did not produce a good play.

Characterization

As one would naturally expect in a play of the type of *The Phœnix in her Flames*, the characters are not fully developed; they conform to certain well-known types, and, with the possible exception of Lucinda, the persons of the play remain rather shadowy.

The reader is evidently supposed to consider Amandus the perfect hero of romance; his people, we are told, love him better than their own lives; he is valiant and easily kills robber chieftains (though it must be confessed that these thieves' leaders are mere men of straw); and his charm is so great that princesses fall in love with him at first sight. Throughout the first half of the play, however, he strikes one as a somewhat weak, sentimental young fellow, who does not scruple to blame all his troubles on fate and to feel that by right he should be prosperous while others suffer.

> Why should the partiall fates be so unjust,
> So cruell to me? had my fortunes been
> Good as my right, the lot of grief had falne
> Vpon another soile. (A4 verso)

There is in Amandus also a little of that enjoyment of his sorrow which is such an essential element in Shakespeare's Richard II. When Lucinda starts to bind up the wounds which Amandus has received in the encounter with the thieves, for instance, he objects and says,

> Me gentle Lady,
> No let me bleed to death, like *Seneca*
> Go sleeping to my grave. (D4 recto)

In spite of these apparent weaknesses in his character, Amandus shows a good burst of action in the scene in which he corners Rapinus with a stool, wrests the robber's sword out of his hand and turns it upon him with great effectiveness. The duel with Persius reveals also a greater strength than might have been suspected in the early part of the play. In answer to the insults

hurled upon him by Prince Persius Amandus rushes upon the prince, defying him in these words:

> Coward, villaine,
> Art thou my rivall in Phaenicia's love?
> And doe I suffer thee to breathe a minute
> To utter these bold words, these defamations,
> These lyes and slanders; know Phaenicia hates
> Thy sight as a pernitious Basiliske;
> Here farther, reade my minde. (C3 recto)

Prince Persius needs little comment; he is something of a braggart, full of impetuosity in love or war, easily transferring his affection from one pretty girl to another. His sense of honor is somewhat peculiar in that he objects to the use of poison to remove his rival, but does not scruple to have men hidden to kill that rival in case the honorable duel happens to go in favor of his enemy.

Much more fully and consistently drawn are the two princesses, especially Lucinda. We see her in the most trying circumstances of being held captive by robbers who put her into the utmost difficulty to maintain her chastity against them; we come to know a good deal about her as she falls in love with Amandus while she is dressing his wound. She is not, like Viola, "one who never told her love," but there is nothing brazen about her declaration. In fact, she consults carefully as to whether a maiden has a right to make such a confession. Her conversation with Sara, her maid, is one of the best passages in the play, and we are reminded in a far off way of the attitude of Juliet s nurse toward the relative merits of Romeo and Paris, as we listen to the common, almost indecent remarks of Sara.

> *Lucinda.* But can a woman with any modesty make love to a man?
>
> *Sara.* Puh, why not in a case of extremity, when the woman is hot, and the man is cold in the businesse?
>
> *Lucinde.* But if I should commit through extreme passion such a folly, should I not be wondred at, and hated amongst women for giving an ill example to the world?

Sara. Nothing lesse, but on the contrary, be assur'd you shall reape from them infinite love and thankes for laying them down such a president of boldnesse.

Sara, with her eye for worldly prosperity, cannot understand Lucinda's preference of Amandus to the wealthy Prince Persius:

Sara. Taking your word for my warrant, then, I desire to know if you be in earnest or jest, for I cannot beleeve you should so soone forget the great Prince of *Persia*, and doat so extremely on this stranger, whose ranke and quality you know not, but by conjecture. . . .

Suppose he be that poore exiled Prince of *Damascus*, is he to be compared, or in your good opinion to be preferred before the puissant *Persian*, one of the greatest monarchs of the world?

Lucinda. How foolishly thou talkest, dost thou not know that comparisons are odious, especially in love matters? (F3 recto)

Lucinda's declaration of her love to Amandus is frank and direct, but very modest withal. She tells of her wound, and her blushes, and pleads

> . . . O be not cruell
> Faire Prince, but help a poor distressed Lady,
> Who craves but love, and in that suit your best
> Construction: take it not in the worst sense,
> Nor thinke me ought immodest, though I have
> Open'd my sore which was procured by
> Your most majesticke Carriage. (F4 verso)

There is something especially human about Lucinda as she puts this same frank, direct manner into practice against Persius because of his boasting. On account of Persius' slanders against Lucinda her father has declared war on Persia. Persius, who has just been defeated by a much smaller force than his own and taken prisoner, boastingly replies to the announcement of war:

> I do not feare thy king, but sleight his force
> As weake and feeble to incounter mine
> He durst not looke our Country in the face
> In angry armes, we are more apt and likely
> To enter on his confines with an army.

Lucinda thus taunts him, justifiably:

> And be taken prisoner, valiant prince,
> As in this Country with so small a force;
> You 'ave reason sure to boast your mighty power
> Tis so redoubted by your wit and valour,
> Experience showes it. (K2 recto)

At the very end of the play, when Amandus has been killed and Phaenicia has died the death of the phœnix, Lucinda sets out for Egypt:

> When I come to my native Land, my thoughts
> Shall shunne all pleasures, banish all delights,
> And live Dianas Votary I will,
> Till Death shut up the remnant of my dayes. (M3 recto)

Phaenicia, as has been noted, does not enter the play in person until it is more than two-thirds over, but of course her presence has been somewhat indicated before this. There is ever a dignity about her words and a complete self-possession about her actions; she has a keen insight into human nature, and is not deceived by mere words. In her first encounter with Amandus in the palace garden, for instance she at once shows how easily she puts aside flowery words and high-flown compliments:

> *Amand.* Most faire and beauteous Princesse,
> My thoughts did tell me as I lay abed,
> There was a wonder to be seene this morne,
> A Sunne whose glorious beames eclips'd Apollos
> As much as he doth Cinthias, she the starres.
> I find they were no lyars, for behold
> I see it verifi'd, my gazing eyes
> Are come to blesse, and to adore your rise.
>
> *Phae.* Faire Prince, it was some false suggesting dream
> Abus'd your sleep, and wrong'd your expectation.
> You finde not what was promis'd, though your wit
> Would faine excuse the leaving of your bed
> So soone for nothing: doe you use to stirre
> So early in the morning? (I3 recto)

When she has insisted upon knowing the mistress of Amandus' thoughts and he has revealed to her the secret of the picture which he has long loved, she replies with something of Lucinda's directness:

> Noble Prince,
> My tongue can now not sound the negative,
> Although I faine would, for my heart commands
> That instrument of speech who in this thinge
> Is all affirmative; I never could
> Dissemble what I thought, and therefore tell you
> I'm yours. (K recto)

Her preparations for her death show the same calmness and self-confidence, as she speaks to the doctor whose help she seeks:

> I am resolv'd to die and now no longer
> To carry such a heavy load about me
> Of grief and sorrow, which doth overweigh
> By much the weaknesse of a womans nature;
> Kind friend you must be the instrument to send me
> Vnto the Prince *Amandus*, whose sweet spirit
> Shall come with mine, and hover o'er your house,
> Vntill the whistling aire sound both our thankes.
> (M recto)

In her further discourse to the doctor she reveals an essentially poetic nature which she carries even into the preparations for her death:

> Devise an easie way for me to die,
> Not in a common ordinary roade,
> Which many use by cutting of a vaine
> Or such like, to get passage to their blisse;
> I saw the Phaenix burning in her flames
> The other day, and was inamour'd of
> So sweet a death, I faine would die so too. (M verso)

The last of the characters that we shall consider is the villain of the play, Alecto, nephew of the King of Arabia. Alecto is a

self-revealing villain, and evidently Phænicia knows something of his true nature even though her father does not, for when Alecto passes through the palace garden while Amandus and Phænicia are declaring their love, she says,

> Suspitious eyes
> Will overlooke our actions, and I feare
> Alectos malice and his jealousie,
> See where he passes by, we are discovered. (K recto)

His first step in the development of his plot is to work upon Persius, ostensibly his captive, and urge him to take vengeance on his rival, Amandus. To put Amandus out of the way he suggests a "dainty powder" which they may have Amandus' barber sprinkle on his head; Persius, however, refuses to stoop to poison, and they concoct the scheme which, as we have seen, results in the fatal duel.

When Alecto is alone he soliloquizes at length and completes the process of self-revelation:

> This now begins to work as I would wish;
> The shallow witted Persian thinkes my aymes
> Doe beare a wing with his, and my ambition
> Is bounded by his love: I fish'd to take
> His good opinion with mine angle wit,
> Not to advance his ends, but worke mine owne.
> Alas Poore Prince, he thinkes I am his friend,
> And on that plat-forme grounds his resolution:
> He is deceiv'd, I'm friend unto my selfe,
> And enemy to him as to Amandus.
> I hate them both, as being my rivals:
> Rivals unto my love, and to my kingdom:
> Neither must live, neither survive the other.
> I'le let them fight till one of them be kill'd,
> The Persian shall in vaine expect reliefe,
> Although distress'd: the conquerour shall dye
> By me and my associates: these remov'd
> The way unto my Crowne, lyes smooth and easie;
> The Princesse sure will breake her heart for griefe.
> The King I'le poyson, then Alecto raigne
> King of Arabia, crowned by thy braine. (L verso)

Alecto is obviously a simple criminal; there is nothing complex about his nature. He wants the throne of Arabia, and he does not scruple to "catch the nearest way." The only slip in his plans lies in the fact that Amandus also came to the duel provided with friends, and when Alecto rushes upon Amandus, the latter's friends put an end to the villain's life.

The remaining characters in *The Phœnix in her Flames* are little more than puppets in the working out of the plot. Consolario, the kindly old tutor of Amandus, and Sara, Lucinda's worldly-minded maid, have distinctly human qualities, but they play such a small part in the action that we scarcely know them as human beings. The play is romance, and the reader must not demand too much in the way of fully drawn characters.

Sources of The Phœnix in Her Flames

The elements of the plot of *The Phœnix* are, as we have seen, such as might have come from a variety of sources; indeed, the extravagance and lack of originality point not to a single source, but to many originals from which Lower may have taken hints and suggestions. Undoubtedly some suggestions came from the French romances, but I have not been able to trace specific borrowings, whereas a comparison of the play with one of the most famous of the old Greek romances presents certain rather striking points of similarity. Furthermore, when we recall that though the newer French romances attracted many readers, the old romances never entirely lost favor and enjoyed some revival of interest just at the time Lower was writing, we may not be unjustified in believing that he drew some material for his two plays from two famous Greek romances.

As an evidence of the continued interest in these older tales we may note that in 1638 a translation was published of Achilles Tatius' *The Loves of Clitophon and Leucippe*, and that there was entered in the Stationers' Register under date of January 30, 1637–8 "a Booke called The Famous History of Heliodorus amplified augmented and delivered paraphrastically in verse by William Lisle."[14] *The Phœnix* was published in 1639, and the

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[14] *A Transcript of the Register of the Company of Stationers of London, 1554–1640*, ed. E. Arber, 5 Vols., 1875–1894. See also Upham, *op. cit.*, p. 377.

similarities between it and the famous "History" of Heliodorus, more commonly known as *Theagenes and Chariclia*, are rendered more notable by the registering (the year previous) of a version of the History "amplified augmented and delivered paraphrastically in verse." Lower's other play, *The Enchanted Lovers*, apparently owes a good deal to another Greek romance, as will be shown later.

The first of these to concern us is this *Aethiopian History* of Heliodorus,[15] which treats, as every one knows, of the loves of Theagenes and Chariclia. The wanderings of this famous pair of lovers took them over Greece, Phœnicia, Ethiopia, Egypt, and other places. There is thus the general resemblance in plan between the play and the romance, but of course this is the general characteristic of all romances and nothing can be deduced from that fact. There are many incidents of close similarity between the play and the romance; these we shall sketch briefly, but it must always be remembered that many of these incidents are common to all the romances, Greek and French alike. Our purpose is not to try to prove absolutely that Lower drew only from *Theagenes and Chariclia*, but to show how certain features of his play could have come from this romance.

The wounded Theagenes and his lady Chariclia are captured by thieves, the band having, like that in *The Phœnix*, two captains.[16] Later on in the story we find Thyamis, another robber captain (of course the romances are all full of thieves and pirates), speaking to his men concerning the division of spoil and deciding to take Chariclia for himself and leave the treasure for the men.[17] This incident recalls that in the play in which Rapinus and Praedarius argue over which shall have the captive Lucinda. There is, however, a still more striking example of this type of situation. Chariclia is again captured, this time by a pirate chieftain, Trachinus, who loves her, and for whom he and his lieutenant, Pelorus, wage a bloody fight.[18]

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[15] My references are to the Translation made by Thomas Underdowne in 1577, enlarged in 1587, and reprinted in the Tudor Translations Series in 1895.
[16] *Ibid.*, p. 12.
[17] *Ibid.*, pp. 29–30.
[18] *Ibid.*, p. 150.

This is an almost exact parallel to the case of the fight between the robber captains in the play.

Thyamis, the robber chieftain who wants Chariclia, finally decides to leave the decision to her,[19] an angle of the situation which at once reminds us of the decision of Rapinus and Praedarius to allow Lucinda to choose between them. It will be recalled that Chariclia, to put Thyamis off, pretends to consent to his proposal, but demands time to be released from her vow of priesthood to Diana.[20] In like manner, Lucinda puts off Rapinus by pretending to accede to his wishes, but declares that she has made a vow not to marry until she is twenty, a date still a month off; in this way she gains respite from Rapinus' pursuit and puts off the evil day of the choice.

The idea of having Amandus, the captive, made a member of the band of thieves and finally their captain, could have been suggested by the fact that Thyamis took Theagenes into his band,[21] and later we find Theagenes suggested as the captain of another band of robbers.[22] Thyamis' long harangue to his men seems to find an echo in the oration of Rapinus to his followers. Likewise Consolario's description of the beauties of Arabia might have been suggested by a similar lengthy description in the romance. *Theagenes and Chariclia* may also have suggested the name Phoenicia, which Lower changes to Phaenicia and makes it the name of a woman instead of a country; here also he may have got the name Persius, but of course such things might have come from a dozen sources.

There is only one mention of the phoenix in the romance and that by no means an outstanding reference. Two incidents taken together, however, bear some similarity to the conception of having the heroine suffocated in bed with the fumes of incense. Caricles tells that he had a daughter who on her marriage night "died either with a Thunder bolte, or else, for that by negligent handling, her bed was set on fire."[23] At another time

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[19] *Ibid.*, p. 30.
[20] *Ibid.*, p. 32.
[21] *Ibid.*, pp. 34 ff.
[22] *Ibid.*, p. 179.
[23] *Ibid.*, p. 69.

he pretends to treat Chariclia in her illness; that is, when she has fallen ill because of her grief for the absent Theagenes; the old man's account of the incident is as follows:

> Get you hence, quoth I, and all the rest avoid, and let one set me a three footed stoole here, and a little laurell with fire, and frankincense. . . . Nowe having gotten good occasion, I began to play my pagent, . . . and burned frankincense, and mumbled with my lippes, and laide laurell on her, from toppe to toe.[24]

The incidents taken separately mean little, but the combination of laurel, frankincense, and a woman dying by suffocating in her bed, have at least a hint of Phaenicia's death.[25]

For the phoenix legend itself Lower could have gone to a number of sources; as a literary man he would probably have known the most famous accounts of this fabulous bird: Ovid, Herodotus, Pliny, and Lactantius. The story was so widespread that to try to point out a single source would perhaps be needless. It is, however, Pliny's account of the bird that most closely resembles Lower's apparent conception of the legend:

> It is said that there is only one in existence in the whole world, and that that one has not been seen very often. Manilius, the first Roman who described the bird tells us that no person has ever seen this bird eat, that in Arabia it is looked upon as sacred to the sun, that it lives five hundred and forty years, that when it becomes old it builds a nest of cassia and sprigs of incense, which it fills with perfumes, and then lays its body down upon them to die.[26]

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[24] *Ibid.*, p. 102.

[25] In Lord Ernle's *Light Reading of Our Ancestors*, London, n. d., is an account of *Zelinda* (1676) which Lord Ernle calls a burlesque of the heroic romances. He refers to a situation in which a lover approaches his lady's bed: "like a gay plum'd Phoenix, wrapped in perfumes, and languishing in Flames of Love, she lay." The critic goes on to say that *Zelinda* professes to be a translation from M. de Scudery, but it "is founded on a story by Voiture," (p. 157). I have examined *The Works of the Celebrated M. Voiture, done from the Paris ed. by Mr. Ozell, with an Essay on the Life and Writings, by Mr. Pope*, 2 Vols., London, 1715, but have found no trace of this situation in the works of Voiture. It is likely, however, that such a situation does appear in some one of the romances of the time, and that this is the real basis of Lower's rendition.

[26] *The Natural History*, Book X, Chapter 2.

The incident of Amandus' falling in love with the portrait of a lady whom he has not seen is quite a common device of the time. The incident appears in Gomberville's *Polexander*, and Dunlop[27] thinks it is originally of oriental origin. No less than seven plays[28] of the period make use of such a device; hence Lower would have had no trouble in finding the suggestion.

Besides the suggestions mentioned above, there is some evidence that Lower was acquainted with Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*. In *The Phœnix*, Lucinda, daughter of the Soldan of Egypt, is travelling under escort, with jewels and finery, to be married to the Prince of Persia. The party is captured by robbers, the captain of the band (Rapinus) immediately desiring Lucinda, at first for his mistress, and later for his wife. In one scene Lucinda is overheard by Rapinus as she is declaring her love for Amandus.

Tamburlaine, it will be recalled, captures Zenocrate. She too is the daughter of the Soldan of Egypt, and is travelling, under escort, with her jewels and finery; likewise she is betrothed—to Alcidamus of Syria. Tamburlaine is at once enamored of his fair captive, and though she at first scorns him, she has not been his captive long until Tamburlaine overhears her declare her love for him as she is talking with her maid Anippe and her friend Agydas. The parallelism between the two plays ends there, but the similarities are such that they may have not been due to accident.

Reference has been made to a certain likeness between Sara, Lucinda's maid, and Juliet's nurse. The same materialistic and earthy quality is to be found in these two characters, and their views of the suitors of their mistresses are quite similar. Phaenicia's seeking the help of the doctor in preparations for her death recalls in a rather definite manner the situation of Juliet's seeking the aid of Friar Laurence and her drinking of the sleeping potion. The old adviser of Amandus, Consolario, bears some resemblance to Friar Laurence, but of course sage old counsellors

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[27] *History of Prose Fiction*, Revised ed., 2 Vols., London, 1911, II, 411.
[28] Mentioned by R. S. Forsythe in *The Relations of Shirley's Plays to the Elizabethan Drama*, Columbia University Thesis, New York, 1914, p. 262.

are stock characters in many of the romances. Any indebtedness of *The Phœnix* to *Romeo and Juliet* must be merely in suggestion, and not in actual borrowing.

After this survey of possible sources of *The Phœnix* we return to the starting point; that is, that the play was built up, probably, out of a variety of materials—situations or characters from some of the romances, other plays, and perhaps the imagination of the author. The possible relation of *The Phœnix* (or of *The Enchanted Lovers*) to the French romances of the period, and the difficulty of pinning the plays down to any one source, can best be seen in the following words of Upham:

> So wide is the prevalence of romance coloring in the drama of the seventeenth century, and so difficult is the problem of distinguishing the distinctly French influence in this regard, that there is no possibility of a detailed account of dramatic obligations to contemporary heroic romances in France.[29]

[29] *Op. cit.*, p. 378.

IV

The Enchanted Lovers

Sir William Lower's second and last original dramatic work, *The Enchanted Lovers*, was printed at the Hague in 1658, and the unsold copies of that edition were bound in the volume called *Three New Playes* in London in 1661. It has not been reprinted, and, contrary to what Seccombe said regarding the rarity of *The Phœnix*, *The Enchanted Lovers* is much the rarer of the two. The copy which Lower inscribed to his daughter Elizabeth and which was in Heber's collection has apparently been lost to sight; for purposes of this study I use a photostatic reproduction of the copy in the Yale University Library, which was formerly in the Huth collection.

The book is an attractive little duodecimo volume with a charmingly naive frontispiece depicting the griefs of the two lovers in their state of enchantment. There is no dedication or other preliminary matter; the list of characters is complete, and the strictest attention has been given to act and scene division. Some errors of pagination are found, but the textual matter is in proper order.

The Enchanted Lovers is called on the title-page "A Pastoral," and it may be worth while to note the relations of the play to others of this type. Homer Smith, writing some years ago, listed two groups of six plays each which he calls pastorals. The first six, declares the critic, "were constructed on Italian models."[1] The Italian pastorals listed by Smith are as follows: Daniel's *Queen's Arcadia* (1605); Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess* (1608); Daniel's *Hymen's Triumph* (1614); T. Goffe's *Careless Shepherdess* (1629?); T. Randolph's *Amyntas* (1632–4); and J. Rutter's *Shepherd's Holiday* (1635).

The six plays constituting the second group of Smith's classification are of importance to us here, for Lower's *Enchanted*

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[1] "The Pastoral Influence in English Drama," *Publications of the Modern Language Association*, XII, 1897, pp. 355–460. The quotation is found on page 392.

Lovers is one of the number, and a brief consideration of the four which preceded Lower's ought to serve to place *The Enchanted Lovers* somewhat in its proper group. The first of the group, Walter Montague's *Shepherd's Paradise* (1629?), "impresses one," says Smith, "as an adaptation from some pastoral romance made by a writer who knew nothing of stage necessities and had not a spark of dramatic talent." The piece tells a very complicated story, the first part of which reminds us of *The Enchanted Lovers.* The king of Castile arranges a marriage between his son and the Princess of Navarre. The prince is an unsuccessful suitor to Fidamira, who is in love with a courtier named Agenor. The prince decides to travel in disguise to the Shepherd's Paradise, and arranges to take Agenor with him. Fidamira is now wooed by the king himself, but escapes (disguised as a moor) to the Shepherd's Paradise. The Princess of Navarre, to escape an enforced marriage, also flees in disguise to the Paradise. There, after some further complications, the love tangles are solved.

Ralph Knevet's *Rhodon and Iris* (1631) is an allegorical representation of plants and flowers as pastoral characters. The significance of its subject matter is clear enough when we recall that the play was written for a Florists' Feast at Norwich. Cowley's *Love's Riddle* (1632–6) is, like Montague's *Shepherd's Paradise* and Lower's *Enchanted Lovers*, full of disguises and flights. Calidora, to escape the lust of Aphron, flees into the country disguised as a shepherd. Her brother, Florellus, also disguised as a shepherd, goes in search of her. Here too one may note a certain similarity to Lower's *Enchanted Lovers.* The last of the four which preceded Lower's play, Leonard Willian's *Astraea or True Love's Myrrour* (1650), is, as its name suggests, "an attempt to weave certain episodes from D'Urfé's *Astrée* into a connected drama." It treats of six pairs of lovers, and thus even surpasses *The Enchanted Lovers.*

This group of six pastorals, Gay's *Dione* (1720) being the last, are well characterized by Smith as "dramatic experiments by poets unschooled in stage methods," and we can certainly agree that they "were written for some special occasion [Cf. Knevet's play for the Florists' Feast] or merely for recreation." These

poets, according to Smith, "tried to strike out new paths in the portrayal of pastoral life." Any reader will be convinced, however, that the pathway proved treacherous for our group.

Turning now to a more detailed consideration of *The Enchanted Lovers* we find that Smith thinks that the play "has few points of resemblance to other English pastoral dramas," and that "the characters in the play do not conform very closely to the traditional types. Almost all are courtiers masquerading as shepherds. The disguise is often laid aside, and many scenes do not in any way show pastoral influence. Yet in general the pastoral predominates over the court atmosphere. The scene is certainly Arcadian in spirit."[2]

Continuing his discussion of Lower's play, Smith adds,

> In regard to supernatural characters, Lower disregards tradition. No satyrs nor nymphs appear on the scene, and no mention is made of them; the goddess Diana, instead of exhibiting her will by oracles, appears in person and takes part in the action. *The Enchanted Lovers* suggests that the pastoral influence was on the wane; for Lower, though he had a truly Arcadian scene, and characters and incidents which almost demanded pastoral treatment, failed to give a general impression consistent with tradition.[3]

Another writer on the pastoral, Josephine Laidler, has little to add to Smith's criticism, merely referring to the plot of the play as "a mass of intrigue, [in which] the goddess Diana in person is required to release the various lovers from their entanglements."[4]

The most authoritative treatment of the pastoral, that of Dr. W. W. Greg,[5] does not mention *The Enchanted Lovers*, but Dr. Greg's book is primarily concerned with the Pre-Restoration stage in England, and since this play had nothing to do with the stage, it naturally does not demand treatment. Dr. Greg disagrees with practically all of Homer Smith's deductions, and we must also disagree to the extent of questioning

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[2] *Ibid.*, p. 452.
[3] *Ibid.*, pp. 455–6.
[4] "A History of Pastoral Drama in England until 1700," *Englische Studien*, XXXV, 1905, pp. 193–259.
[5] *Pastoral Poetry and Pastoral Drama*, London, 1906.

Smith's opinion that *The Enchanted Lovers* is not in the pastoral tradition. By nature the pastoral is conventional and artificial, and the disguise of courtiers and ladies as shepherds and shepherdesses forms part and parcel of the pastoral machinery. As Smith says, no actual nymph appears in the play, but Melissa, the ruler of the island, is regularly referred to as "the Nymph," and the whole spirit is arcadian. Perhaps a summary of the action will reveal more clearly the real nature of the play.

Celia, a young lady of Seville, is threatened with abduction by Nearchus, a courtier, and, in order to save her, Celia's mother gives her a sleeping potion; spreads the report of her death; and takes her on a vessel to escape. Celia's lover, Cleagenor, thinking her really dead, kills Nearchus in a duel and is forced to flee to avoid arrest. Celia awakens at sea and is informed of the whole story just before a storm wrecks the vessel and separates mother and daughter. Celia is washed ashore on the island of Erithrea, near Portugal, but the mother is never heard of again. Melissa, the ruler of the island, finds the castaway on the beach and cares for her, making her one of the court ladies. To avoid possible pursuit Celia changes her name to Diana, and pretends her grief to be for a lost brother. All of the foregoing is antecedent action, and takes place seven years before the opening of the play.

The play proper opens with a group of ladies and gentlemen living the conventional pastoral life on the island; all are in the habits of shepherds and are, apparently, concerned only with love. Diana, still grieving for her lost "brother," is much beloved by Thersander, who has come to the island two months previously. By chance he reveals his true identity to Ismenia, who has been trying to further his suit of Diana. He is, of course, no other than Cleagenor himself, but so much changed that his former fiancée does not recognize him, nor does he recognize her. He has, however, fallen in love with her because of her remarkable resemblance to Celia. He shows Ismenia a portrait of Celia which Ismenia at once recognizes to be of Diana, and she thereupon brings the two lovers together, greatly to their joy.

In the meantime, however, Melissa has fallen in love with

Thersander, and since she is a powerful enchantress and usually gets what she wants, Thimantes, lover of Ismenia, advises that Thersander pass as the long-lost brother of Diana until they can secure passage away from the island. The matter is further complicated by the fact that Melissa commands Diana to woo her "brother" for her. Their deception bids fair to succeed, and they plan to make their escape with a merchant from Seville, who has come to the island on a trading venture.

Unfortunately this merchant shows his wares to Melissa, and among other items in his stock are several miniatures. Two of these portray Celia and Cleagenor, with whose story he is very familiar. Melissa recognizes Diana and Thersander as the originals of the portraits and demands the truth. She is, of course, furious at the deception, and puts the lovers under an enchantment whereby they alternately die and lament over one another. She thus has the exquisite pleasure of watching their griefs repeated many times over.

Other shepherds and friends of the unfortunate lovers, Clidamant, Parthenia, Thimantes, Ismenia, Melintus, entreat Melissa to abate the tortures of her victims. Though adamant at first she finally feels remorse, but declares that only the goddess Diana can remove the spell. Accordingly, all pray to the goddess, who at once appears in a flash of lightning as both literally and dramatically the "goddess from the machine" to straighten out all difficulties. Celia and Cleagenor are to marry, and all the other gentlemen are to have their ladies. Melissa, in punishment for her cruelty, is to be deprived of her kingdom and become a votary of Diana.

Structure

Unlike *The Phœnix*, *The Enchanted Lovers* is greatly restricted in its geographical sweep; except for the antecedent action at Seville, the play is concerned entirely with the island of Erithrea. Furthermore, instead of a range of characters from thieves to oriental kings, we have here a group of persons of almost equal station in life, except the merchant perhaps, who serves as a sort of *demon ex machina*, as it were, in the way he insists on showing the portraits and thus brings about the revelation of

the lovers' identity. Melissa, though ruler of the island, appears to be not greatly above the others. Melintus is called a shepherd of the land, while the other three men are courtiers dressed as shepherds, but if Melintus knows how to hold a sheephook or aught else that to the faithful herdsman's art belongs, the play never discloses the fact.

Again, different from the early play, *The Enchanted Lovers* covers only a restricted time; probably only a few days are actually represented in the action of the play itself. At the opening of the play the merchant is ready to return to Seville on the following day, the festival to the goddess having just been concluded and most of his wares being disposed of. In Act IV, Scene 6 the merchant is introduced to Melissa to take leave of her; we must understand then that all of the intervening incidents have taken place between late afternoon of one day and about noon of the following day. Between the end of Act IV and the beginning of Act V, however, several days must be allowed to have elapsed, judging by the progress of Melissa's torture of Diana and Thersander.

The plot of the piece is that of the romance of adventure, with shipwrecks, separations, reunions after many years, etc. The chief force in the working out of the business is Ismenia and a series of portraits. Ismenia is everybody's friend, and it is her interest that brings about the recognition of Diana and Thersander. Celia's miniature in Thersander's possession enables Ismenia to bring the lovers together, and the portraits carried in the merchant's basket reveal to Melissa the deception that is being practiced on her. One is struck by the fact that Diana and Thersander, separated for seven years, are so changed that they do not recognize each other even after an association of two months; but when the merchant produces the portraits (brought from Seville and therefore made at least seven years earlier), Melissa recognizes them at once as being the miniatures of Diana and Thersander. It is this scene that Homer Smith calls the best in the play.[6]

At the basis of the play is a triplicate love story, in which,

[6] *Op. cit.*, p. 454.

after some vicissitudes, every Jack has his Jill. It is ostensibly concerned with the love of Thersander for Diana, since they are the enchanted lovers, but this thread of the action is complicated by the fact that Melissa is in love with Thersander, thus making a triangular love tangle out of this thread. The Ismenia-Thimantes and the Clidamant-Parthenia affairs have a place also, and these two threads have an element of confusion in the person of Melintus, the personification of jealousy in his love for Diana.

Although the action is really the result of a succession of events rather than the outcome of a definite plot with conflict, there are, nevertheless, some attempts at a dramatic ordering of these events. Thimantes has brought Thersander from Portugal to Erithrea; Thimantes is in love with Ismenia, through whose aid the true identity of the lovers is revealed. It is likewise through the efforts of Ismenia that Clidamant and Parthenia are brought to an understanding. Thus the three love actions are united in Ismenia.

The introduction of the merchant from Seville at the very beginning of the play proves to be an effective device, for by his statement concerning some noble strangers disguised as shepherds in the crowd, a hint is given of his further important part in the plot.

The action of the play is closely knit; furthermore, there are at least two good scenes, that in the garden, where Ismenia has enticed Clidamant in the interest of Parthenia's love, and where in the darkness the various men become confused and full of jealousy; and that in which Melissa learns the identity of the lovers. Almost equally effective is Clidamant's reading out the various entries in Ismenia's table book; its alphabetical list of her lovers and other memoranda.

Thus without ever reaching real drama, *The Enchanted Lovers* presents a well worked out story and several interesting incidents. By the compactness of the action and a certain skill in the ordering of the events, the play is probably somewhat superior to *The Phœnix* in workmanship.

Characterization

After seeing Lower's inability to portray real character in *The Phœnix*, one hardly expects to find well-drawn persons in this play. On account of the conventionality of the pastoral type there is perhaps even less likelihood of his arriving at human beings in his portraiture.

Melissa, the enchantress, is hardly convincing on account of her sudden change from stony indifference to the victims she is torturing to great compassion for them. Parthenia, in love with a man who has never expressed affection for her, reminds one a little of Lucinda in *The Phœnix*, but she lacks the self-reliance of Lucinda, and has to engage the services of Ismenia to discover her lover's position. Thersander has even less individuality than Amandus in *The Phœnix*, and the other men of the play are equally shadowy. Meltinus is a little more individualized than the others, but it is really the individualization of "humors," since he is little further developed than a personification of jealousy.

Ismenia is, however, a rather well drawn personage. She has a considerable element of humanity about her, and she tends to give a certain life to the whole play. She is an avowed "coket", as Melintus calls her, and she has so many lovers that she has to keep them listed in alphabetical order. Her whole philosophy of love is well expressed in her words to Thimantes:

> Since thou wilt love me, learn to know me well:
> Thimantes I am free, and will no Master;
> I'le ne'r depend on any but myself.
> Tell me, I pray thee, did I ever promise
> To speak to none but thee? dost thou imagine
> So vainly, that thou art the only Lover
> That serves me? have I not yet some which ought
> To be conserv'd? and amongst all the Shepheards,
> Whose faith I have receiv'd, if I should open
> My mouth and eyes on none of them but thee,
> And that one of those dayes thy mind should change;
> And mine change too, (as all this well may happen)
> Would all the others, jealous of this kindness
> Express'd to thee thus in particular,

Be still my lovers, though I had lost thee? . . .
I think upon
Th' event of things, which thou canst not assure:
At least if one quits me, another takes me. (I, 3)

When Thimantes meets Ismenia after the episode in the garden, an incident which has convinced him of Ismenia's unfaithfulness to him, he is furiously angry with her, but to his lengthy outburst, Ismenia calmly says,

How's this! Thimantes in a rage, O Gods!
Who would have thought it? (IV, 1)

When he continues his storm against her and declares he will have nothing more to do with her, she is still unperturbed:

Well, let it be so then, I doubt it not,
But I shall be provided in good time;
When one forsakes me, presently another
Offers his service, otherwise I should,
In this unlucky moment of thy change,
Be destitute of an officious Lover;
But thanks unto the gods, more than one calls me
His Mistress, and I shall have no less courtship
And press for thy departure, these notes here
Express the names of those that I've subjected,
I'l blot thee presently out of my Table-book. (IV, 1)

Shortly, however, it is explained that her purpose in being in the garden was to help Parthenia, and all are in good humor again, for apparently she loves Thimantes. Much of the "coket" exists in her to the last, however, for when the goddess appears at the end of the play to arrange the affairs of all the lovers and for some reason fails to dispose of Ismenia and Thimantes, he questions, "Ismenia, must we not couple too?" and she replies, quite characteristically,

Yes, if the Goddess
Had said it; we'l defer our marriage,
Till she descends again. (V, 5)

Clidamant, now ruler of the island, commands her to marry Thimantes, and she agrees, apparently willingly enough.

With the exception of Ismenia the characters in *The Enchanted Lovers* are figures of straw, and it is thus evident that Lower could not portray living beings; at rare moments he managed to put a touch of life into one or two of his creations, and the result is Lucinda or Ismenia, but the rest of the time he dangled puppets from wires and thought he was dealing with people.

Sources of the Enchanted Lovers

As was pointed out above in the discussion of the nature of the two plays, *The Enchanted Lovers* resembles, in certain aspects, the pastoral romances, and it is possible that Lower built up the play from suggestions and incidents from several of the romances. The name Ismenia, for instance, figures in *Cleopatra*, in Gombauld's *Endimion* (as Ismene), in Montemayor's *Diana*, and no doubt many others; the name Thersander is found in the Greek romance of Achilles Tatius, *Clitophon and Leucippe*. Names, however, are meaningless as indications of borrowings unless other facts can be shown, and we shall confine ourselves to pointing out some of the books from which Lower may have drawn material.

Menaphon, the famous pastoral romance of Robert Greene, could have given Lower a few suggestions, and if it be thought that a writer as late as Lower would hardly turn to *Menaphon* for material, we have only to recall that Thomas Forde's *Love's Labyrinth* (published in 1660 and probably not written much earlier) is a close dramatization of Greene's romance; *The Thracian Wonder* (printed in 1661 by Lower's English printer, Kirkman,) also draws on *Menaphon*,[7] but its date of composition goes back to the closing years of the sixteenth century.

In *Menaphon* King Democles has placed his daughter, Sephestia, her husband Maximus, their baby, and the old man Lamedon, in a boat without oars and has trusted them to the sea, "determined to leaue the succession of his kingdom to Vncertaine Chance."[8] The reason for this banishment is, of course,

[7] Greg, *op. cit.*, p. 336.

[8] *Complete Works in Verse and Prose of Robert Greene*, ed. A. B. Grosart, Huth Library, VI, 113.

the daughter's love for Maximus, a man of lower station. The party is separated by a shipwreck, and Sephestia finds herself in Arcadia, where she represents herself as a shepherdess, Samela. Maximus also comes to Arcadia, and as the shepherd Melicertus, he sees Samela and is so struck by her resemblance to his old love that he pours forth "vollies of sighs" in remembrance of her.[9] Samela also notices the strong resemblance of Melicertus to her lost husband. In *The Enchanted Lovers* it is only the man who perceives the likeness to his former mistress. As in the play, Melicertus seeks to marry Samela, and she at last consents. The rest of the story, with the complications ensuing when Sephestia's own father and brother fall in love with her, etc., has no similarity to Lower's play.

For the incident of the lovers' enchantment Lower may have had a hint from Sidney's *Arcadia*. There, since the two sisters, Pamela and Philoclea, will not yield to the demands of her son, "the mischievous subtle Cecropia" puts a spell upon them, making each sister think the other dead, and causing Philoclea's lover, Pyrocles, also to believe that his mistress is dead.[10]

Obviously the resemblance of *The Enchanted Lovers* to either *Menaphon* or *The Arcadia* is slight, and the incidents which seem to be alike are such as might be found in other romances of similar type; hence it is idle to argue that Lower drew directly upon either of these stories.

A considerably stronger case can be made out for the similarity between the play and one of the Greek romances. This romance, by Eustathius, was translated into French as the *Amours d' Ismène et d' Isménias* in 1559, 1560, 1582, and, more noteworthy for our purpose, 1627.[11] The fact that a new translation appeared as late as 1627 adds a little weight to the belief that Lower may have used the book, especially when we consider his interest in things French.

Isménias, the hero of the tale, loves the fair Ismène, but she

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[9] *Ibid.*, p. 72.

[10] *The Works of Sir Philip Sidney*, London, 1725, The Arcadia, Book III, pp. 557 ff.

[11] This information appears in the "Avertissement" to the translation in *Bibliotheque Universelle des Dames*, Paris, 1785, Vol. IV. My references are to this edition.

is destined for another. At the suggestion of a friend, Isménias decides to take Ismène away with him on a vessel sailing to Syria. She hesitates, but finally agrees to accompany him; on the voyage a tempest comes up which Ismène takes as a punishment for her disobedience in running away, and when the pilot demands a sacrifice to appease the storm, she declares herself ready. Isménias resorts to violence to try to save her, but he is overcome and rendered unconscious. When he recovers he finds himself on a vessel, a slave to a band of pirates. When they finally land, the pirates are captured by Greeks, Isménias is freed and taken to Daphnipolis, where misfortune again overtakes him and he is subjected to further indignities.

A festival of Jupiter is coming on, and a crowd has assembled for the celebration. At the festival Rhodope, the daughter of the powerful Sastrate, catches Isménias' eyes, and he declares that since the gods have taken Ismène from the earth, this one (Rhodope) is the fairest of the world. Rhodope is also struck by the appearance of Isménias and sends for him. He shows her a portrait of Isméne, and she at once becomes very jealous.

Among the crowd of slaves Isménias sees a beautiful young girl named Scylla, and he bursts out, "Je lui trouve tous les traits d'Ismène; c'est-elle, je n'en puis douter." Before he can investigate, however, he is carried away. Rhodope now clearly shows that she loves Isménias, and sends Scylla with a letter for him. They recognize each other, but while they are talking, Rhodope appears and is struck by their behavior; in order to allay suspicion, Isméne (Scylla) tells Rhodope that Isménias is her long-lost brother. Her suspicions calmed by this announcement, she felicitates the united brother and sister. When the lovers are finally alone, Ismène relates the story of her rescue from the sea, and then proceeds to instruct Isménias how he must act to avoid arousing further suspicion. He is to feign love for Rhodope, but Ismène makes a quite human caution: "Ne l'aimez point, mais faites-lui croire que vous l'aimez."

Ismène is now made a sort of confidante in carrying messages between Rhodope and Isménias, but at last Rhodope overhears the lovers discussing their fortunes and the plans. In a terrible fury she denounces them and shortly prepares a sacrifice for

them. Suddenly, however, they find in the crowd some friends and relatives who demand their release, and by a technicality a priest frees them.

By way of recapitulation we may note the principal points of similarity between this tale and the play. In both, lovers are separated by shipwreck (an incident quite common in romances, of course); their reunion occurs when they are in the power of another woman who proceeds, in both cases, to fall immediately in love with the man; the girl is made to serve as a go-between for the princess (Rhodope in the story; Melissa in the play); the lovers pretend to be brother and sister in order to protect themselves from the jealousy of the rival; the lady discovers their deception and subjects them to severe punishment, from which they are saved by the intervention of friends.

It is thus seen that all of the plot incidents bear striking similarity to one another; of course there are numerous minor incidents in the play that are not found in the romance, and *vice versa*; the actual method by which the lovers' deception is revealed, for instance, differs, but the resemblances in the major incidents are so noteworthy that one feels reasonably sure that Lower had read the *Amours d'Ismène et d' Isménias*.

For the incident of the sleeping potion one does not need to seek a particular source; the device was so common in the literature of the age that Lower might have made its acquaintance anywhere. Forsythe[12] lists at least twenty plays in which sleeping potions are used, and indicates that he has not exhausted the number.

Quite likely Lower's play is the result of a combination of incidents and suggestions from a variety of sources, but perhaps our survey has helped somewhat in pointing out the nature of the play.

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[12] *Op. cit.*, p. 74.

V

Lower's Verse

It is obvious from the passages which have been quoted from Lower's plays that the dramatist had no real poetic sense. His blank verse is distinctly of the degenerate type which characterizes the work of some of the later "Elizabethans"—those second and third rate writers who took more and more liberties with the pattern of blank verse and finally carried it to almost complete chaos.

To place Lower and his contemporaries in relation to this disintegration of blank verse, it is not necessary to retell the well-known story of the development of this verse from what Swinburne (perhaps a little harshly) calls "the tuneless tramp of *Gorboduc*" to the flexibility and freedom in metrical variation of Shakespeare's mature poetry. Concerning the pattern of blank verse, one critic excellently sums up the case thus:

> There *is* form and structure, not predetermined *as a form* and fixed, but arising out of, and evolving itself in response to, the demands of the poet's creative feeling, the demands of sense and emotion. It obeys a law of unity, not one of mere uniformity. It is not moulded from without, but grows from within.[1]

It is this growth from within in the case of Shakespeare that resulted in

> . . . A versification trending gradually from a certain degree of regularity and rigidity to the freedom of a master of his craft in the employment of pauses, redundancy, suppression or substitution of syllables, whereby Shakespeare's blank-verse becomes a thoroughly plastic medium in his hands, adaptable, as English verse had never been before, to the thousand moods that constitute the demands of the drama.[2]

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[1] Egerton Smith, *The Principles of English Metre*, London, 1923, p. 213.
[2] Felix E. Schelling, *English Literature During the Lifetime of Shakespeare*, Revised ed., New York, 1927, p. 169.

In all of Shakespeare's plays, even in the passages where there is a free use of run-on lines, one never loses sight of the verse pattern; for, as Professor Smith expresses it, "the presence of a secondary rhythm, over and above the primary rhythm, is constantly felt."[3] In some of the later "romances," however, can be seen qualities which, in weaker hands, are to result in the type of verse found in Lower's plays. Excessive enjambement, many redundant syllables, weak endings, a great deal of internal irregularity, may tend to break down the distinction between verse and a sort of rhythmical prose. The following passage from *The Winter's Tale* illustrates Shakespeare's power and mastery in the use of run-on lines, weak or light endings, and feminine endings, and at the same time his sure hold on the true cadence in spite of the liberties mentioned:

> Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
> Be thereat glean'd, for all the sun sees or
> The close earth wombs or the profound seas hide
> In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
> To this my fair belov'd. Therefore, I pray you,
> As you have ever been my father's honour'd friend,
> When he shall miss me (as, in faith, I mean not
> To see him any more), cast your good counsels
> Upon this passion: let myself and fortune
> Tug for the time to come. (IV, 4, 498ff)

When versifiers instead of poets attempt these liberties, however, "chaos is come again."

> The moment that in weak hands the rhythm of blank verse ceases to be governed by the movement of the sense, to be an organic embodiment of the poet's creative feeling, it becomes mere mechanism or formlessness, and is little or no better than prose that has the fault (for prose) of scanning as verse.[4]

Blank verse indeed fell into weak hands when it was taken up by Sir William Lower and his like—the Killigrews, Lodowick

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[3] *Op. cit.*, p. 224.
[4] *Ibid.*, p. 216.

Carlell, etc., and we can perhaps estimate Lower more justly if we first see what has been said about his principal contemporaries in this degeneracy of verse. Dr. Alfred Harbage, the most thorough student of Thomas Killigrew, tells us, for instance, that

> Killigrew's plays provide an excellent example of the ultimate step in the disintegration of Elizabethan blank verse. The writers of commendatory verses prefixed to the plays congratulate the dramatist upon his manly disregard for petty considerations of meter. They might have been more ingenuous. Killigrew was incapable of writing true blank verse. The lyrics in his plays are just as unmetrical as the dialogue. In *The Prisoners* Pausanes composes a song for Lysimella, bad enough to have permanently alienated her affections. The old knack for doing the thing had been lost. When the early plays were republished in the folio, they were frankly printed as prose.[5]

That this estimate is eminently fair is to be seen from such a representative passage as the following, taken from Killigrew's *Prisoners:*

> Tis just: you know the cause of this warre, our
> Country blest beyond our neighbors, with a
> Fruitfull peace, drew us into a consideration
> How we became to be so happy, and
> In the search, we found ambition
> Had no dwelling here: For our customes
> Admit no one man chiefe which kept all from
> That sinne. For our government is here in
> The hands of a Priest and Iudge, which are
> Chosen by lot, not faction, and their power
> During Life if they obey our lawes. (II, 1)

Lodowick Carlell, another of the group of minor dramatists we are considering, also offers a complete analogy to Lower in matters of verse. Carlell's plays "are written in a degenerate mixture of blank verse and prose, which, though easy and natural in flow, is too fiberless for good verse and too rhythmical for successful prose."[6] These lines from *The Deserving Favorite* give a fair sample of Carlell's verse:

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[5] *Op. cit.*, p. 171.
[6] Felix E. Schelling, *Elizabethan Drama*, II, 355–6.

My father, though he have his liberty,
Is not yet restor'd to his Lands: when next
The Duke doth visit me, which I believe will
Be today, Ile seem as if I did mistrust his love
To be but fain'd; he then will strive by some strong
Testimony, to prove he truly loves:
Then will I urge my Father's restoration
To his lands, which he being once possest of,
'Twill not be hard for me, to get some coine and Jewels
In my power, sufficient to maintain us
In some other country, where we like shepherds
Or some country folks, may pass our time with joy. (I, 1)

This is indeed neither prose nor verse, but it is to this stage that Marlowe's mighty line and Shakespeare's magic of verse had come in the middle of the seventeenth century. From this brief sketch of the decline of blank verse, we see that Sir William Lower stood not alone in the hybrid nature of his verse. For this reason it is hardly fair to condemn Lower unreservedly; unquestionably his verse is bad, but he was a product of his time (besides not being a poet), and we must remember that it required a poet of the order of Milton to bring blank verse from its chaos back into its true cadences. Lower merely followed in the footsteps of others in attempting blank verse, and since he had no real feeling for the verse cadence, he mechanically chopped his lines up into five iambic feet, left them unrhymed, and thought he had blank verse.

When one comes to take up for special consideration any of Lower's lines he is struck by the fact that most of them can be made to scan in a mechanical fashion. Lower knew the iambic foot, and in general tried to combine five of them into a line; sometimes, however, no kind of mechanical scansion even can make anything out of his verses. The following passage from *The Phœnix*, for example, shows comparatively rigid observance of the measure of five iambic feet:

In midst of stormes, and these tumultuous times
Of warre and bloud, in midst of troubled seas
Of forraigne states, how safely do we saile

> And steere our course, Alecto, in a calme:
> No dusky cloud lowres on our ship of state,
> No windes of adverse fortune shake our peace,
> But smile and gently breathe a quiet gale:
> Blest starres that raign'd at our nativity,
> Kinde Planet, under whose sweet influence
> We were brought forth, deere fortune that hath confer'd
> This happinesse upon th' Arabian King. (E2 verso)

By mechanical scansion, which we may be reasonably sure was Lower's method, these lines show few irregularities. The first three lines, the sixth, the eighth, and the eleventh show no real departures from the iambic pentameter. The line, "And steere our course, Alecto, in a calme," can, of course, be made to fit the pattern by letting the "to" of Alecto go with "in" and stressing the preposition; whether Lower read it this way we cannot say, but on the basis of other things we know about him as a poet, we would hardly be justified in defending him too strongly. The fifth line has the required number of feet, with perhaps one substitution of a trochee for the customary iamb: "lowres on." In the seventh line the metre is preserved by prolonging the dissyllabic quality of "quiet," but the ninth seems almost hopelessly out of cadence. The tenth line has, of course, a feminine ending if one chops the line arbitrarily into five feet, and even then the line is bad. In fact I know of nothing that can be done for this line.

The number of actual irregularities in this representative passage is thus comparatively small so far as the feet are concerned. The violations of the cadence come not so much in any irregularities in regard to the caesura either, though perhaps the first four lines show the pause too nearly in the same place for variety; there is no great use of the feminine caesura in the passage, only one distinct case (line 6) being noted. The selection illustrates well, however, the abuse of enjambement so characteristic of Lower's verse. Line after line of his translations and the two original plays shows this overflowing of the sense. As an indication of Lower's abuse of the enjambement it may be noted that the first act of *The Enchanted Lovers* shows almost exactly half of the lines as overflowing. My count of

the number of whole lines is three hundred fifty-seven, and of this number, one hundred sixty-eight show definite enjambement, besides at least a dozen others which could be so considered.

The cadence of Lower's verse is almost never that of real verse, but that of prose. Perhaps a still better example of the break down of the verse pattern is to be seen in Consolario's description of Arabia Felix:

> 'Tis a happy country, no delight
> But flowes abundant there, embroydered fields,
> Faire meadowes, pleasant groves, cleare cristall brooks,
> Sweet lovely cities, gardens diapred
> All o'er with Flora's richest tapestry,
> Are seene there all the yeare, continuall spring
> Dwells in that Coast, white hoary bearded Hyems,
> Ne're shakes his snowy tresses, nor his frost
> Nips the faire flowers that beautifie her breast,
> Nor boysterous Boreas with his winter blasts,
> Shakes her faire fruit, but delicate Favonius
> Creeps gently o're her fields with flowry breath
> Creating gummes and spices; sure it is
> The garden of the world, the Phaenix else
> Had never chose that place above all other
> To recreate her selfe in. (*Phœnix*, D2 verso)

Here again Lower counted his syllables fairly well, but not so accurately as in the passage quoted before; he allowed at least eight run-on lines, however, and four feminine caesuras. What he meant to do with the last line I shall not attempt to say. The series of adjective-noun combinations, "embroydered fields, faire meadowes, pleasant groves, cleare cristall brooks, sweet lovely cities," could go on indefinitely, for there is obviously no verse cadence whatever. This passage represents, it seems to me, just about the last stage of disintegration so far as blank verse is concerned.

To be fair to our poet, however, we should quote at length a passage which Homer Smith says is an example of Lower's poetic talent at its best. This lengthy excerpt is the expression

of Melissa's hatred after she has learned of the deception which the two lovers have played upon her:

> O misfortune
> Not to be parallell'd! What shall I do?
> Of whom should I take counsel in this case?
> Shall I hear yet my love that murmureth?
> Ought I to suffer, or repel the injury?
> It is resolv'd in my offended heart
> That those black Passions shal succeed my love,
> By which the soul when in disorder, breaks
> The chain wherewith she's ti'd, break forth my fury,
> And ruine these ingratefull they shall know
> My power, as they have seen my goodness to the:
> They shall not mock at my simplicity,
> Nor reproach me for my credulity:
> How! treacherous *Thersander;* oh! that name
> *Thersander* combats yet within my heart,
> In its defence, my spirits at this name
> Are wavering, and my anger's weak, my hate
> Is in suspense; I am not pleas'd with that
> Which I demand; I fear what I would most.
> Ha traitor, must I to torment my self
> Suspend my judgement upon thy destruction?
> Must I dispute the case within my self
> As doubtfull to determine, no pass sentence
> Against him for this barbarous affront:
> Arm my despair, and inspire thou my rage:
> And let me see how faithfully my Art
> Will serve my vengeance in the punishment
> Of these ingratefull Lovers, I intend not
> To give a sudden death to either of them,
> But they shall suffer that which shall be worse:
> By the effect, and strange force of my charms,
> They shall have, without dying, every day
> A thousand deaths; I will continually
> By turns afflict the sad eyes of the Lover,
> And of his Mistress: both of them shal see
> That they may suffer equally, each other
> To die and to revive, this punishment
> Is strange and cruell; but 'tis that I use

In my revenges; come, why loiter we
In our design? my heart like flint shall be
Insensible of their calamity.
(*The Enchanted Lovers*, IV, 6)

One is inclined to agree with the critic that these lines represent about the best that Lower could achieve in verse. He apparently caught more of the true rhythm of verse here than was generally the case. The selection is, however, as one expects, full of baldly prosaic lines, such as "I intend not to give a sudden death to either of them, but they shall suffer that which shall be worse." Furthermore, Lower's major weaknesses are well represented; in the forty lines, seventeen are run-on, and ten show the feminine caesura.

The Enchanted Lovers shows also something of Lower's lyric efforts. The following lines are called "Diana's Song" and are sung by Diana at the command of Melissa after the latter has confessed her love for Thersander:

Ye Trees, ye Rocks, perfumed Valleys, sweet
And charming Zephirs, murmuring fountains keep
My griefs close in your bosome, you alone
Are witnesses unto my fires and mone,
Tell me if my sad heart, not daring to
Declare it it self, at least may sigh its woe?
May sigh its woe—Eccho.

Well then my sighs, make no noise as ye passe
The airy Regions only breath alas
Vnto the heart that sent you forth; since I
Can't speak to thee, dear object of my cry,
Let th' Ecco, that's attentive, say for me
That if I love (as sure I do) 'tis thee.
'Tis thee—Eccho. (III, 1)

A somewhat better lyric strain is to be found in the "Stanzas of Dorillas upon Inconstancy," which form one of the interesting items in Ismenia's notebook:

'Tis true, Ismenia, thou art fair,
But more inconstant than the air;
And every lover is a mark
Exposed to thy humorous dart;
As soon as he meets thy disdain,
He flies to death to cure his pain,
And makes but one large step in all
From his bright glory to his fall.

With these defects yet thou canst charm;
But I'l not love, for fear of harm;
Yet I approve all things in thee,
Yea even to thy inconstancy;
And will not, to incure thy hate,
Jealous Melintus imitate,
Whose humour every thing offends,
And nothing pleaseth but its ends. (II, 5)

Obviously these two "lyrics" lack true cadence. The first is especially bad in the excessive use of run-on lines, particularly "not daring to Declare it it self," with its bald and matter of fact tone, and "since I Can't speak," which has only a prose quality. The bad rhymes of both are other evidences of Lower's lack of real lyric sense: "sweet" and "keep"; "to" and "woe"; "mark" and "dart"; etc.

Thus we see that no more can be said for Lower's lyrics than for his blank verse. His difficulties unfortunately went much deeper than mere metrical weaknesses. His fault was a fundamental one; he was of pedestrian nature, and no amount of facility in rhythm would have made his Pegasus anything more than a cart horse. He lacked that "shaping spirit of the imagination" without which there can be no poetry; and instead of simplicity as Milton thought of it, Lower had only a banal and ineffective plainness; of sensuousness and passion there is almost none.

The actual phrasing of Lower's plays, on the other hand, is not at all unpleasant as prose. Thomas Killigrew, as was noted above, showed the good judgment of reprinting his verse plays as prose, and Lower would undoubtedly have been wiser

to have done the same. Practically the entire play (either *The Phœnix* or *The Enchanted Lovers*) could be written as prose without conveying any impression of too much regularity of rhythm for good prose. As an example of this improvement in quality of cadence when Lower's words are not set off in attempts at verse, I quote a passage from *The Enchanted Lovers* as prose; Diana (Celia) is rehearsing the events of her life before her arrival on the island:

> Our parents approv'd our love, and the day for our marriage already was appointed, when Nearchus, provoked by an infamous desire, came to solicit me unlawfully in favour of his flame; this favourite unto the King, after a passion painted, and coloured with sighs, called his presents to the assistance of his faith; but this proving effectless, he resolv'd my ruin; he came with open force to satisfy his beastly and unruly appetite; and to that end would carry me away. My mother having notice at that instant of his design, made me to take a drink, to frustrate it, and then, her subtle policy spread through the Town the rumour of my death; indeed the vertue of this drink procur'd me so long a sleep, that it appear'd to be the sleep of death; . . . I was conveyed secretly into a Bark; scarce had I yet finished my sleep, but at my first waking I saw myself upon the sea. (I, 2)

Lower's use of prose in his plays is very slight. In *The Phœnix* he conforms to the conventional distribution of prose as found in the plays of the Elizabethans: for letters and documents and for the speech of persons of low station. The letter informing Prince Amandus of the miserable condition of Damascus is an instance of this use; and the speeches of the thieves are usually cast in prose form, though when the two captains of the robbers speak of Lucinda and their love for her, their emotions apparently lift them to something approaching the rhythms of verse. *The Enchanted Lovers* contains no prose whatever. In the same way Lower practically eschewed rhyme in the two plays. *The Phœnix* has five examples of rhyming couplets and sixteen rhyme-tags at the ends of scenes, making a total of only forty-two rhyming lines in a play of more than ordinary length. In *The Enchanted Lovers* one finds no rhyme except five rhyme-tags at the ends of scenes and the songs which have been quoted.

At the close of our study of Sir William Lower we must admit that no hitherto undiscovered genius has been revealed; no important claim can be made out for him historically for starting a new fashion in drama; he cannot rank among the really great translators from the French; his verse is not of a high order, nor is his characterization strong. Yet we should be unfair did we not give him credit for two well-constructed narratives which will hold the interest of any reader even though these narratives do not make good drama. Something of the general nature of these two plays and of their relation to others of their type has already been said, but by way of summary the case may be restated in a few words. *The Phœnix in her Flames* (1639) is, as we have seen, in perfect harmony with other examples of decadent heroic romance, such as those of Kirke, Carlell, Gough, and Killigrew. With its action spread over a vast expanse, its extravagant adventure, its heroic tone, we may safely place it beside the works of the writers just mentioned. With John Gough turning directly to the old romance of Heliodorus for material for his *Strange Discovery* and with Lower possibly drawing on the same romance, there is a still further link between the work of Lower and Gough.

The Enchanted Lovers, though coming nineteen years later, when the theatres were closed, can also be correctly orientated in the drama of the time. The group of pastoral plays to which Lower's drama belongs were undoubtedly the work of unskilled writers who had no sense of the dramatic and who wrote either for special occasions or for their own diversion. Langbaine's remark that Lower "took sanctuary in Holland, where in peace and privacy he enjoy'd the Society of the Muses" thus is seen to have added point; likely *The Enchanted Lovers* was merely an exercise of Lower's to while away the time during his exile on the continent.

Sir William Lower must stand as a third or fourth rate writer, but frequently it is writers of this quality that show best the direction of the literary currents of a period. That such a man as Lower, primarily a military man, turned to literature at all and to French dramatists and to heroic romance especially, is a clear indication of the trend of the time.

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THE ENCHANTED LOVERS: A PASTORAL

By

Sr. WILLIAM LOWER Knight.

Amico Rosa, Inimico Spina.

HAGE:
Printed by ADRIAN VLACK,
1658.

CHAPTER VII

Sir William Lower's play, *The Enchanted Lovers*, was printed at the Hague in 1658. In 1661 Francis Kirkman brought out in London a volume called *Three New Playes*, which consisted of the unsold copies of *The Enchanted Lovers* and two translations from the French: *The Noble Ingratitude* and *The Amorous Fantasme*, all with separate title-pages. There is thus only one edition of the play reprinted here.

The reprint which follows is based on a photostat taken from a copy of the play which was formerly in the Huth Collection, and which is now in the Library of Yale University. It is with the kind permission of the authorities of the Yale Library that I am able to make this reprint.

I have scrupulously observed Lower's spelling, punctuation, act and scene division, and entrances and exits. No changes whatever have been made in any of these details. A slight rearrangement of lines has sometimes been made in something approximating metrical fashion, but any arrangement of verse as patternless as Lower's will inevitably result in many unmetrical lines. A few (not over three) turned letters appear in the text; these have been silently corrected. The long *s* has, for convenience in printing, been replaced by the modern form of that letter.

ACTORS

Thersander. A Cavalier disguised in the habit of a Shepheard in love with Diana.

Thimantes. Disguised also in the habit of a Shepheard in love with Ismenia.

Clidamant. Disguised also in the habit of a Shepheard in love with Parthenia.

Melintus. A Shepheard of the Iland in love with Diana.

Mercator. A Merchant of Sevil.

Diana. A young lady disguised in the habit of a Shepheardesse.

Parthen. Neece to the Princess, in love with Clidamant.

Ismenia. A young Lady disguised in the habit of a Shepheardess.

Melissa. The Princess of the Island, and Inchantress, in love with Thersander.

The Goddess Diana.

The Scene is in the Iland of Erithrea in Portugal.

THE ENCHANTED LOVERS

A PASTORAL

Actus I.

Scene I.

Mercator, Melintus.

Mercator. If you have any service to command me
At *Sevil*, honour me with your Commission,
To morrow I embarke, and leave the Ile,
Until you[r] Mart returns, and games renue.
Melintus. But first you'l kisse the fair hands of the Nimph,
And take her pasport with you?
Mercator. That's a duty
I dare not fail in, though my interest
Were not concern'd in't. I intend this day
To carry her my casket of my richest
And choicest merchandise; when she hath bought
What best pleaseth her fancy, I shall be
Dismist, having no more commodities
To sell unto the Shepheards of her Court.
Melintus. Have you sold well?
Mercator. To what end should I feign?
The trade goes well enough, I complain not:
Rich Rubies, Pearls of price, bright Diamonds,
Store of fair Coral, costly Amber-greece,
Portraits, and other such dainty devises,
Have passed through my fingers at good rates:
Diana's festival is still kept solemn;
And as the games which fail not every year
To be renu'd, invite unto those woods
The neighbouring Shepheards, to dispute the prizes
Proposed on those dayes, I saw among them
Some noble strangers clad in pastoral weeds
That for the honour of this Island chose it
Their sanctuary and repose.

Melintus. You need not
Wonder at this, the place which they have chosen
Denotes their judgments; here ambition
Hath no imployment; if at any time
We sigh here, 'tis for love, no other passion
Is seen among us; though this Island be
A part of *Portugal*, we have our laws,
And Empire to our selves; she that rules here
Hath not the name of Queen, we subjects are
Our Soveraigns companions, and her vertue
Makes us to taste so much repose, that she
Hath put the Sheephook into the hands of
A hundred Hero's, who wearied with Lawrels,
And the noise of the war, are here retir'd
From the four corners of the World: she rules
So sweetly, that crime onely feels her anger.
And as she is descended from the blood
of *Zoroastres*, she knows well the vertue
Of Herbs, and th' influence of every star;
She understands the secret misteries
Of Magick, and sometimes makes use of it
To serve her interests; there is no Prince
Nor Monarch that stands not in fear of her.
And suffereth her not to raign in peace
For his own safety.
Mercator. I know this Asyle,
And charming residence looks not with envy
Upon the Court o' th' King of *Portugal;*
Besides I am not ignorant that the fair
Ismenia, drawn here, by the sweet report,
Of these inchanting pleasures, to enjoy them
In quiet, left the favour of her Queen;
And that this beauty by a sudden change,
Adds no small lustre to this Paradise.
Melintus. See, where she comes, *Diana* too with her,
I must in private speak unto this fair one;
An interest of love obligeth me
Continually to make her my devotions.

Mercator. Go Sir, and prosper, may your Saint prove sweet
And gentle as those South-gales I expect
In my embarkment. *Exit* MERCATOR

Scena II.

Diana, Melintus, Ismenia.

Diana *not seeing* Melintus.

Diana. True, I hate that horrid noise;
Now my free thought releas'd from such a trouble,
Enjoyes it self.
Melintus. To DIANA. So soon to quit the sports,
What was your fancy?
Diana. To avoid discourse
That troubled me, and here I meet with new.
Melintus. Can such a subject as brings homage to you,
Produce th' effect you speak?
Diana. What doth not please me,
Both troubles and offends me.
Melintus. You will one day
Quit those disdainful rigours?
Diana. Yes, when you [10]
Have neither hope, nor love.
Melintus. D'ye entertain
Every one thus that loves you?
Diana. If he be such
As you, I use him just in the same manner.
Melintus. Surely the Shepheard Clidamant speeds better.
Diana. 'Tis then assuredly because he doth not
Resemble you.
Melintus. He entertain'd discourse
With you in gentle whispers at the Sports.
Diana. I do confess it,
We talk'd of you, and of your little skill. [20]
Melintus. Your subject was more serious, without doubt.
Diana. What e'r it was, yours, I am sure, offends me.

Remove this hated object from mine eyes;
Your presence will at last provoke my anger.
Melintus. Can one displease you, speaking of your Loves?
Thou Husband'st for him that so sweet discourse.
Ismenia. Every one knows that who but speaks *Melintus*,
Speaks jealous.
Melintus. It is no secret what men think of thee;
Every one knows, that who speaks but *Ismenia*, [30]
Speaks cocket.
Ismenia. Really thou hast much reason
To be afflicted at that late discourse,
Clidamant merits much, and I'le oblige him.
Diana. Leave us.
Melintus. He doth expect you, and I trouble you;
But wee'l find out a way to cross his fortune. *Exit* MELINTUS.
Diana. To ISMENIA. He thinks that *Clidamant* enjoys my love.
Ismenia. Thou hast no reason, Shepheardess, to draw him
Out of his errour: in the mean time wilt thou [40]
Not yield thee to the faithful services,
The prayers and tears of the devout *Thersander?*
Wilt thou not love him yet? he that encourag'd
By thy fair presence, only to please thee,
Hath gain'd so many prizes, who to give
Thy anger no pretence, though he loves much,
Can more be silent, since the ardent flame
Wherewith he burns for thee, is only known,
To me, unto Thimantes, and thy self.
Diana. Ne'r speak unto me of it.
Ismenia. What! still cruel? [50]
But hearken, I will give thee an advise
Shall touch thee; whilst we may, we should lay hold of
The flying time; he only maketh beauties,
And he destroys them; in the lovely season
That thine lasts, use the gifts which nature gives thee;
Thou wilt one day lose this fair lustre which
So charmeth hearts, and be an object of
Contempt, as now thou art of adoration.

Diana. Rather that love, whose Orator thou art,
Yet know'st his use so little, doth times office;
'T is he that withereth a face; the cares,
The troubles and the griefs, which by his means
Possess a heart, deface the lovely features,
And mow the flowers, he is like Time the Tyrant
Of all things; he in a few days dryes up
Our Roses, and our Lillies.
Ismenia. Shepheardess,
Such fear hath smal foundation, quit this thought
For thy own interest; when love is once
Lodg'd in the heart, the ey hath then more light
The face receiveth thence its full perfection;
Then we esteem us, then we please our selves,
And know our utmost value, we correct
By art even to the least defect, we call
Our Glass to counsel in the ordering
Our gate, our carriage, and our countenance;
There our eye cheers with smiles, or kills with frowns,
Or faintly darts its glances, or with strength,
Either to wound neer hand, or further of;
Therefore once more for thy own interest,
I say unto thee, love, at least a little,
Thersander that adores thee.
Diana. Really,
Thou dost surprise me, to speak thus unto me,
Thou that hast never yet had love, nor thought
Tending to that sick passion, thou that mak'st
So many Lovers only for thy glory,
Without remembring one of them, thou that
Pleasest thy self by turns in their discourse,
Thou that wilt gain all, & conserve thee nothing.
Thou sufferest *Thimantes* to adore thee
To day; but tell me wilt thou entertain
His love to morrow?
Ismenia. I love but I have alwayes had my method
In love, the Lover that is troublesome
Unto me, is my Lover for a day;

I burn not yet for love, nor do I sigh for 't:
I make a sport on 't still, but ne'r a torment;
In thrusting no one of, I'm every day
Attended by a multitude of servants
That present courtship to me, and all strive
Who shall be formost, on whom I command [100]
And raign as Princess; they suppose they please me
In putting up my praises; when I go
Unto the Temple, they fail not to follow,
And carefully to tread in all my steps.
I am not pleas'd to see in such brave Shepheards
A troop of slaves attending on my train;
I please them all in flattering their desires:
I'm much delighted, when I make them jealous,
Providesd that their jealousy extend not
So far as, to betake themselves to arms [110]
For th' honour of my beauty; this high point
Of evidences might, perhaps, enrage
Even all my other lovers.
Diana. Ha! how ill
Thou know'st love, and his maximes, I behold
Thy changes as so many crimes; for my part,
If my heart were ta'ne with an object once,
I could not pass from love unto contempt;
I should be fix'd unto my first Idea,
And that God wholly should possess my thoughts.
Ismenia. Well then, *Diana*, love, if thou think'st fit, [120
Beyond the grave, and make so fair a fire
Arise beneath thy ashes.
Diana. Oh, alas!
Ismenia. What signify those sighs?
Diana. They signify
The sorrow of the heart.
Ismenia. But whence proceeds
That sorrow? is it from thy brothers death,
Or from some lovers? come, deal plainly with me,
Dost thou not love *Thersander* yet at last?
Diana. No, I assure thee.

Ismenia. Speak, I'm very secret.
Diana. I'le tell thee then, in Sevil I receiv'd
Both life and love, *Cleagenor*, *Ismenia*,
Is the name of the Conquerour, whose image
Is graven in my heart.
Ismenia. O Gods! how this discourse
Hath cosened my thought, I was about
To give instructions;—but pursue.
Diana. Our parents
Approv'd our love, and the day for our marriage
Already was appointed, when *Nearchus*,
Provoked by an infamous desire,
Came to solicit me unlawfully
In favour of his flame; this favourite
Unto the King after a passion painted,
And coloured with sighs, called his presents
To the assistance of his faith; but this
Proving effectless, he resolv'd my ruin;
He came with open force to satisfy
His beastly and unruly appetite;
And to that end would carry me away.
My Mother having notice at that instant
Of his design, made me to take a drink,
To frustrate it, and then, her subt'le policy
Spread through the Town the rumour of my death:
Indeed the vertue of this drink procur'd me
So long a sleep, that it appear'd to be
The sleep of death; *Nearchus* terrified
With this sad news, came to behold it painted
Upon my face; remorse of conscience
Within his heart then, quarrel'd with his love:
His sad despair arm'd him to kill himself:
But whilst his soul was troubled herewith,
I was conveyed secretly into
A Bark; scarce had I yet finish'd my sleep,
But at my first waking I saw my self
Upon the Sea. My Mother then related
The whole adventure to me, and the secret

Imposture of my feigned death, when suddenly
A storm brake the discourse, horrour and death
March'd on the floods: alas, what shall I say?
Our vessel being carried by the fury
O' th' winds and waves, was split upon a rock,
The several pieces floated on the waters;
I know not which o' th' Gods took care of me
In putting one under my trembling hand,
Which making me pass on those moving graves
Through the disturbed empire of the winds,
Carried me to the shore in all apparence
Devoid of life; here in this quiet Island
Of *Erithrea* where *Melissa* raigns
My body found a receptacle; she
Returning at that instant from the chase,
Perceiv'd it lying, which th' enraged Sea
Yet threatened on its banks, and that same God
Which would compleat his miracle, inclin'd
Her heart to pitty at this spectacle:
She caus'd me to be carried to her Court:
It is unto her succour that I owe
The remnant of my dayes: here I first chang'd
My name, the better to assure my flight,
And so to disappoint *Nearchus* pursuit.

Ismenia. How Shepheardess, is not thy name *Diana*?

Diana. No, *Celia* was my true and only name;
But for my safety I made to *Melissa*
A feign'd relation of the miseries
Of my sad life; since she receiv'd me
Into her palace, where I live with her,
And am now of her Court. Seven times the Sun
Hath finish'd his Carier, since I have seen,
Or heard news of my mother.

Ismenia. Was *Cleagenor* inform'd of all this?

Diana. Oh, alas! this is
One of the points that causeth my affliction:
Cleagenor surprised by the same
Imposture, came to see me in my bed,

As in my grave: I wonder that the noise
Of his redoubled cryes brake not my sleep:
The heat to revenge me dry'd all his tears:
He found his rival, and assaulted him;
They fought on equal terms; *Nearchus* fell
Under his arms for dead; *Cleagenor*
Was forc'd to fly t'avoid the fury of
Th' offended King: his sudden flight gave not
My Mother opportunity t'inform him
(As she intended) with the fiction
Of my pretended death: since his departure
'Tis now seven years compleat, in all which time
I've heard no news of him; so that I know not
Whether I mourn the living, or the dead;
In the mean time to weep my fate more freely,
And to conceal my miserable fortune,
I feign'd a Brothers death.
Ismenia. I'm sensible
Of thy misfortune, and will bear a part
In thy sad grief, if that will make it lesse;
I no more now condemne thy sighs, nor tears;
But yet at last preserve thy beauty from
Those murthering sorrows; in this doubtfull case
Fix thy fair thoughts upon some other object;
If death hath seiz'd thy Servant, sure thou losest
Too many tears and sighs; or grant he live,
Ist probable that he will keep his constancy
For thee whom he thinks dead? but here's my Lover.

Scena III.

Thimantes, Diana, Ismenia.

Ismenia. To THIMANTES. What business brings thee hither?
Thimantes. Here I come
A little to divert my thought.
Diana. What thought?

Thimantes. 'Tis a disease which doth assault my sense.
Ismenia. What ist, without more circumstance?
Thimantes. My plaint
Without words would express it; at the sports
Too many Shepheards had unto my grief
Too long thy free ear, and perhaps, thy heart;
A World of people pressed round about thee:
The Shepheard *Dorilas*, me thought, discours'd
Too long with thee, I saw so many others [10]
Prostrated at thy foot—
Ismenia. Without more words
Thimantes is become a jealous fool.
Since thou wilt love me, learn to know me well:
Thimantes I am free, and will no Master;
I'le ne'r depend on any but my self.
Tell me, I pray thee, did I ever promise
To speak to none but thee? dost thou imagine
So vainly, that thou art the only Lover
That serves me? have not I yet some which ought
To be conserv'd? and amongst all the Shepheards, [20]
Whose faith I have receiv'd, if I should open
My mouth and eyes on none of them but thee,
And that one of those dayes thy mind should change;
And mine change too, (as all this well may happen)
Would all the others, jealous of this kindness
Express'd to thee thus in particular,
Be still my Lovers, though I had lost thee?
And if my liberty were not expos'd
For all, which of them would commiserate
My fortune in thy losse; I think upon [30]
Th' event of things, which thou canst not assure:
At least if one quits me, another takes me:
Consider if this humour pleaseth thee,
If thou canst serve me all thy life time thus,
And not be jealous; if thou canst, hope one day
Both mouth and hand, and happily the heart
May flatter thy affection.

Thimantes. This way
Seems very strange unto me, but almost
Every fair evening some appointed place
Of meeting seems t'assure me of thy love
Sufficiently, and not to flatter me
With frivolous hope.
Ismenia. Yet hitherto it is
But airy words.
Thimantes. I hope all things from time.
In waiting for that day, our names engraven
In everyplace, will speak my love, *Ismenia*,
I promise—
Ismenia. But no more, here comes *Thersander;*
That Shepheard, whose enflamed heart thine eyes
Hath rendered ashes—
Diana. Well *Ismenia*,
I leave you.
Ismenia. This is too much rigour, trust me,
At least afford the face, if thou deny'st
The heart.

SCENA IV.

THERSANDER, DIANA, THIMANTES, ISMENIA.

Thersander. To DIANA. Oh stay, dear object stay, thou that art cause
Of all my torments, I have but one word
To say before I dye, the Nimph hath crown'd
My valour with these prizes, here I come
To lay them at thy feet, with them my heart:
If thou wilt triumph on this festival day,
Suffer at least thy conquest in thy sight,
That's all th' ambition of this captive heart.
Diana. Captive to me? if so, make it change Master,
I freely do release it; break its chain
Thy self, if thy design be not to have me
Free it with my own hand.

Thersander. Alas! it is not
Its liberty that I desire.
Diana. Then let it
Live still a slave, and sigh.
Thersander. How, Shepheardess!
Refuse a heart, this precious present which
Is alwayes worth a Temple, and the Gods!
Think well upon it, it becomes thy justice
Not to despise this noble sacrifice,
Since I give but the same victime and incense
Unto the powers above; in my opinion
Our Goddess in the Temple is less fair,
And thou dost bear the bright name of *Diana*,
As well as she.
Diana. Since this rich present is
Of such high value, as 'tis worthy of
A Temple and the Gods, I believe, Shepheard,
That it becomes my justice not t' accept
This noble sacrifice, and I should wrong
Our puissant Gods in daring to partake
Their glory, and to share their incense with them.
My name's *Diana*, to thy eyes I'm fair;
But I am not a Goddess like to her.
Thersander. Although thou hast no Temple, nor no Altars,
Thou mak'st thy selfe adored; 'tis to day
Thy festival which I have celebrated:
I have no other worship, nor no other
Diana, the fire of my love is not
A profane fire, and if some spark thereof
Warm not thy breast a little, I must suffer
The violent heat on't.
Diana. Rather I advise thee,
Quench it with my contempts, this remedy
Will cure thee, that thou shalt complain no more.
Thersander. Good Gods! what remedy is this which thou
Offerest me here? I must dye, Shepheardess,
If thou cur'st so; flatter at least, I pray thee,
With one sole word the love which thou hast rais'd;

If I'm not happy, make me think I am so.
Alas! I cannot hear a single syllable
To succour me; if thus thou curest, Shepheardess,
I must dye, there is no prevention for't.
Ismenia. Why carriest thou a heart still so rebellious [50]
To love?
Thimantes. Why dost thou persecute with scorn
This faithful Shepheard?
Diana. It is best be gone.
Thersander. Yet thrust of thy disdain, if thou wilt spare
My hand, my death, finish the forming of
The sword that kills me, one word more of hate,
And I die presently before thine eys;
Speak, answer me.
Ismenia. No more, here comes the Nymph.
Diana. Happy arrival, which hath freed me from
So great a trouble!
Thersander. Well for my part then,
I'le try the temper of the marble rocks; [60]
My plaints may pierce them, though they could not move
A Virgins heart to pitty, much less love.

Scena V.

Melissa, Parthenia, Diana, Ismenia, Thimantes, Clidamant, Melintus.

Melissa. Since a full year and more that I have govern'd
This happy Island in the right and lawful
Line and succession of my Ancestours
By the death of my Sister, and since first
Diana's feasts were celebrated here,
Never so many Laurels crown'd your heads,
Nor ever any day ordain'd for pastime
Hath entertain'd mine eyes with such delight.
Every one striving to bear hence the prize
Propos'd to his contention, shew'd his skill, [10]
Both at the Course and Lute; how handsomly

Thersander did behave him at these exercises!
With what a grace he acted every thing!
How charming was his port! and if I may
Say what I think of him, he must be sprung
Either from Kings or Gods: how happy is
Thimantes in his friendship!
Thimantes. This happiness which I enjoy's not new,
It hath a longer date then from to day:
His name is precious to me; 'twas my fortune
To have the benefit of his acquaintance
At my last voyage, I saw his arrival
From his own native country at the Court
O' the King of *Portugal;* the sympathy
Of humors which one man hath with another
Tied us together in so firm a friendship
That having met him sad and full of thought,
I prevail'd with him as to bring him here,
In hope that in this quiet region where
Melissa reigns, he should lose all his grief.
Melissa. Indeed although that prosperous Shepheard hath
Received all the prizes from my hand
Wherewith he's crown'd, I find him notwithstanding
Still melancholy may not this be in him
Some sad effect of love, blest Shepheardess,
Who e'er thou art! thrice happy is thy fortune,
In which this noble stranger bound his choice!
He is so far above the common merit,
That a Nymph should not much abase her self
In loving him.
Clidamant. Indeed he merits much,
And we esteem him all, we love his vertues,
Without being jealous of them.
Parthenia. *Clidamant*
Comes nothing short of him in my opinion.
Ismenia. Thimantes too will go as far as he.
Diana. Another time, *Melintus* without doubt
Will perform better.

Melintus. Yes, when you shal turn
Your eys on that side.
Melissa. Shepheards, once again
Prepare, I pray you, for the Nuptials
Of *Thirsis* with *Parthenia;* Neece, that Shepheard
Is worthy of you, and you are not ignorant [50]
That I intend, as soon as he returns,
To make him (as I hope) your happy husband.
Parthenia. Aside. Yes, if my heart can suffer violence.
Melissa. In the mean time, let's go unto the Temple,
Our thanks and our devotions to pay
Vnto the Gods on this so glorious day.

The end of the first Act.

ACTUS II.

Scena I.

Ismenia, Thersander, Thimantes

Ismenia. 'Tis true, *Thersander*, I have done for thee
As much as possibly I could, I made
Thy sighs, thy constancy, thy faith appear
For to perswade her, but I lost my labour,
Diana is insensible, her heart,
Which loves sweet applications cannot touch,
Among so many rocks, is become rock.
Thersander. What shall I doe, *Thimantes?* what a rude
And rigorous fortune steers my destiny?
Thimantes. Quit that ingrateful, and come forth of slavery. [10]
Thersander. How shall I come forth? I'm born miserable
Under the frowning, and the fatal aspect
Of an ungentle Star, which in despight
Of all my studies to defend me from it;
Pursues *Cleagenor* under the name
Of poor *Thersander.*
Ismenia. What is that I hear!
Good Gods!

Thimantes. *Thersander*, what has thou discover'd?
Hath thy own mouth betrayed thus thy secret?
See into what great danger thy imprudence
Puts thee at present; fearest thou no more,
Nearchus, and his power?
Thersander. No, I fear nothing
After this sentence, but seek death, for since
It is resolv'd by fate that I must die,
What matter is it, by what arm it be,
Whether *Nearchus*, or *Diana* kill me.
Ismenia. Oh Gods! how happy is he?—*softly.*
Hath not she
For whom thou diest had some intelligence
That thy heart loves elsewhere? if it be so,
And that thy inconstancy procures thy torment,
Thou wrongfully accusest her of cruelty.
Thersander. Quite contrary, this love wherewith thou seest
My heart disturb'd, is a sure testimony
Of my fidelity: 'tis true, alas!
I sometime lov'd an object of such beauty,
That the Gods never fram'd so fair a peece:
The Roses and the Lillies form'd the colour
Which dy'd her cheeks, and in her sparkling eys
The Sun was painted; to express unto thee
Yet better her divine perfections,
Diana is her Portrait to the life
Celia is seen in her; she like *Diana*
Had a Magestick carriage, she had
A mouth, and eys like her, she had an air,
Fierce too like hers, but amiable; lastly
In every thing she seem'd *Diana's* self:
My heart is constant therefore as before,
Since still I love her in her living Portrait.
I thought at first then, that her death was false,
And that *Diana* was that lovely object;
But when I saw *Diana* entertain
With such contempt the fervent love wherewith
My heart was taken, when I saw her rigours,

And infinite hatred, I perceiv'd my errour,
And said this is not *Celia;* so that
I saw well by her cruelties indeed
That I pursu'd her picture, and had passion
But for a Portrait.
Ismenia. What! is *Celia* dead then?
Thersander. Alas! that's my affliction, I saw her
Stretch'd out upon her death-bed dead, *Ismenia;*
And more dead yet then she, I saw those places [60]
Shine with a certain rest of brightness which
Her eyes had darted: presently on this
I had a Combat with *Nearchus* for
This charming Beauty; that proud favourite
Unto the King by infamous desires,
Form'd him an object to his filthy pleasures,
This outrage was intended to her sweetness:
We fought on this occasion, it was
My fortune to disarm him; but the death
Of *Celia*, and the anger of the King, [70]
(To save me from the rigor of the Law)
Enforc'd me to a flight, and made me wander
Seven year from Province unto Province: lastly
Wearied to see the Court of every Prince,
I thought to free me of all dangers here
Under the feign'd name or *Thersander*, and
The habit of a Shepheard: to disguise me
Yet better, the afflictions of my heart
Have chang'd my Visage.
Ismenia. Hast thou nothing with thee
That formerly was *Celia's*? [80]
Thersander. Yes, one day
I receiv'd from her hand this pretious pledge
Of her unfeigned love, behold this Portrait,
And judge, I pray thee, If I love *Diana*,
Or *Celia.*
Ismenia. Let me have this Portrait; with it
I'le cure thy evil, *Diana* seeing it
Will become gentle, I'l go shew it her.

Thersander. What wilt thou do, *Ismenia?* but I see
Diana: O Gods! end my misery.

Scena II.

Diana, Thersander, Ismenia, Thimantes.

Diana. To ISMENIA. I sought thee every where.
Thersander. To ISMENIA. You will oblige me,
Ismenia, to restore my Portrait to me,
Ismenia. Troublesome Shepheard!
To DIANA. I have much to say
To thee in private, therefore let us enter
Into this Wood. *Exit* ISMENIA *and* DIANA.
Thersander. Shew her that Portrait! oh my martyrdom!
Traitrous *Ismenia*, is this that faith
For which *Thimantes* alwaies answered
To me for thee? yes it is by thy counsels,
Thimantes, only that my seduc'd soul
Left her the conduct of my faithful love:
Nothing from thee or me can work upon her,
She jeers at all; but let us find her out.
Exit THERSANDER *and* THIMANTES.
ISMENIA *returns with* DIANA.
Ismenia. I see w' are private here, we may speak freely.
A Mistress yet at last sighs for *Thersander*,
And one too in this Island far lesse cruel
Then thee; accept his service, and embrace
His faith: this portrait which thou seest here,
He receiv'd from her as a faithfull witness
Of their reciprocal and mutual fires.
Diana. What do I see?
Ismenia. That portrait (as I take it)
Whereof *Thersander* is so proud.
Diana. I gave
Such a one to *Cleagenor; Ismenia*,
Who gave it thee?
Ismenia. *Cleagenor* himself.

Diana. Oh Gods! what saiest thou to me? thou art in
An extream errour.
Ismenia. I tell thee again
Cleagenor himself gave it to me.
Diana. This discourse holds no credit.
Ismenia. Every day
Almost I see him, and thou seest him also [30]
As well as I.
Diana. I comprehend not these obscurities.
Ismenia. He loves thee, and thou fliest him.
Diana. I fly
None but *Thersander.*
Ismenia. Well, henceforth accuse
None but thy self of these disasters, 'tis
The same *Cleagenor* that loveth thee,
And whom thou fli'st.
Diana. *Cleagenor! Ismenia;*
That cannot be, is't possible that I
Should have been two moneths without knowing him,
For so long 'tis since he arriv'd among us. [40]
Ismenia. Thy grief hood-winck'd thine eyes, thou couldst not see him.
Think'st thou that since those seven years thou has liv'd
Upon those fair banks, time that changeth all things,
Hath not yet chang'd a face? there comes *Thersander;*
Take a full survey of him, whilst I hold him
In some discourse; make shew as if thou'dst enter
Into that wood, and have a care thou do not
Discover thee till I have ordered
Thy meeting with him.
Diana. Entering into the wood. Happy pledge of love!

Scena III.

THERSANDER, THIMANTES, ISMENIA, DIANA.

Thersander. *To* THIMANTES. Thou seest what she hath done; unto *Diana*

Sh' 'as given the Portrait.
Thimantes. See she enters there
Into that Wood.
Ismenia. A word with thee *Thersander.*
Thersander. Perfidious, finish here thy crime, and be
My murtherer; strike, strike this heart, I pray thee,
That hopes no more; but by what interest
Hast thou betrai'd me?
Ismenia. Why complainest thou?
Thersander. O gross dissimulation! dar'st thou yet
To ask what is my plaint?
Diana. Softly, looking on him, where she was hidden. He hath his gate.
Ismenia. Thy heat hears nothing, give me leave to speak. [10]
Thersander. Yes, to feign more, and to lie at thy pleasure,
Am I oblig'd still to thee for my life?
Ismenia. How soon love doth degenerate into folly?
Thimantes. Thersander, hear her.
Thersander. What is't she can say?
Ismenia. Since th'art so obstinate, let thy love go
Which way it will, I'l have no more to do in't.
Thersander. Speak then, what wilt thou?
Ismenia. I have nought to say now.
Thimantes. Thou would'st speak to him.
Ismenia. 'Twas to laugh a little. [20]
Thimantes. I pray thee, speak unto him.
Thersander. I conjure thee,
Ismenia, in the name of all the Gods,
Jeer not at my Passion.
Ismenia. It is now my turn
To be perverse.
Thersander. I hear thee, speak, what sai'st thou?
Ismenia. Since thou wilt have it, know then that a Rival
Hath caus'd thy grief and torments.
Thersander. How, a Rival!
At that word I'm all fire, a Rival!
Ismenia. Yes,
A Rival, good *Thersander,* but a lov'd one. [30]

Thersander. What! loved of *Diana?*
Ismenia. Yes of her,
And more too, of thy self.
Thersander. That's very strange;
How should I chuse but bear a mortal hatred
To him my Mistress loves; who e'r he be,
I must revenged die.
Diana. Softly. If this should be
Cleagenor, O Gods! how is he chang'd?
Thersander. Where is that Rival?
Ismenia. With thee, *Thersander;*
Thou would'st defend him, if occasion were,
At the expence of all thy blood; believe me,
Thou never leavest him. [40]
Thersander. To THIMANTES. Without dissembling,
Tell me *Thimantes*, art not thou that Rival,
She means? I think thou art my friend, deal plainly
And freely with me, art not thou that cruel,
That false and traiterous Rival?
Thimantes. Answer him,
Ismenia.
Thersander. Well, what wilt thou say at last?
Ismenia. Thersander hath for Rival in his love—
Thersander. Speak, whom? [50]
Ismenia. Cleagenor.
Thersander. Cleagenor!
Ismenia, ha! my joy, sure, is extream;
True, I confess, I love this Rival equal
Unto my self, and if he may be loved
Of th' object whom I serve, I will adore
My chains without condemning her of rigour.
Ismenia. Thou hast lost nothing by this bout, thy fortune
May create envy, fair *Diana* hath
Yielded to *Celia's* portrait. [60]
Diana. Softly. Who, to see
Those decay'd features, could have known that face?
But my love hath at last drawn them afresh
Within my memory; I must draw neer him,

And yield to my impatience.
Thersander. To ISMENIA. Pardon me,
I can't believe thee; but here comes *Diana;*
See if her eys ha' n't the same cruelty,
Alwaies the same pride, and the same disdain.
Diana. Ismenia, I am come to tell thee something. [70]
Ismenia. Me *Celia?*
Thersander. How, *Celia?*
Ismenia. Yes, *Celia.*
Thersander. Alas! I'm in an error; 'tis her eyes,
Her gate, her countenance, but not her heart.
Ismenia. 'Tis she, *Thersander*, whom thou do'st behold,
It is her very self.
Thersander. How! is't a custome
To call forth from the bosom of the Grave
Departed souls? and by what priviledge
Hath that God, who at the eternal sleep [80]
Presides, ordain'd her waking?
Diana. To THERSANDER. Though thy faith
Finds this point strange, is not love strong enough
To make thee to believe a Miracle?
Cleagenor sees me, and knows me not:
How comes it, is my Portrait false? have I
No more attractions? see if 't be thy *Celia*,
At least if 't be not she; it is no more
That beauty which was late so cruel to thee;
Cleagenor! [90]
Thersander. My *Celia!*
Diana. Is it possible,
O Gods! that I should see again what I
Best love i' th' World?
Thersander. Is it you that I see?
Ismenia. Take heed, be moderate, one may die with joy.
Thimantes. Ismenia, follow this example here;
Grant only at this instant but a kisse
To my impatience, see at last *Diana*
Ceaseth to be unkind.

Ismenia. What! doth the object rouse thee, and th' example
Provoke thy spirits? thou wilt have but one kiss?
Thimantes. I will be satisfied.
Ismenia. Give me then
Some verses, or at least a nose-gay of
The choicest flowers.
Thimantes. *Ismenia*, I'l not fail
To bring them thee.
Ismenia. Then trouble not thy self,
The kisse is thine.
Thimantes. Wilt thou withold from me
So long what is my due?
Ismenia. It will be better
When it is much expected, and long'd for.
Thersander. Behold my whole adventure in a few words.
Diana. I've made thee too a full description
Of my misfortunes; thou seest how I feign'd
(To give my grief full vent) a Brothers death
In weeping of my lovers.
Thersander. What felicity
Do I injoy now?
Thimantes. Use your utmost skil
To make it lasting to you, and beware of
The fickleness of fortune, and her wrongs.
Thersander. What! have we yet any thing more to fear?
Is not that blind inconstant Goddess weary
Of persecuting us?
Thimantes. Love is a child,
He must be govern'd well, *Diana's* beauty
Hath gain'd her lovers, they may hurt, *Thersander*,
Melintus hath a subtle wit, and we
Both know he loves *Diana*, and besides
Is jealous of her; fear some foul play from him,
If thou appear his Rival; he disposeth
The spirit of *Melissa* at his pleasure;
When he shall see you serve as obstacle
Unto his love, he will take speedy order
For your removal.

Thersander. But to hinder him
To hurt me, I conceive *Diana* hath
No lesse power on the spirit of the Nymph.
Thimantes. But if the Nymph loves thee, as I observ'd
Her heart expressed some such matter lately,
When at her last return home from the Games,
Her free confession to us all, declar'd
How much she did esteem thee, but at last
With such an esteem that love followed
Close at the heels in plain terms, and indeed
Spoken by her of purpose, if she loves thee,
I say (as I'm confirmed in that thought)
How wilt thou steer thy course?
Ismenia. 'Tis very true,
Her discourse comes into my memory.
Thersander. O Gods! what's this you utter?
Diana. For my part
I begin to believe it, and remember
The passage too, I fear all things from thence:
This is the only mischief we should shun.
Ismenia What can she not do 'gainst your interests,
When your refuse shall come to arm her anger
Against you? Know that with a single word,
I' th' twinckling of an eye too, she can calm
The floods and make a mutiny amongst them,
Call forth corrupted bodies from their graves,
Make their cold ashes speak, and their pale ghosts
To walk; these were the secrets, *Zoroastres*
Taught, whil'st he raign'd, to his posterity;
She is descended from him; and to give
Her self content, will make use of her art
To serve her passion.
Thersander. I know that her skill
Extends to Magick. Yes I fear her love
With so much power, and yield unto thy counsel
Advise us what to do.
Thimantes. Disguise you selves
Under the names of Brother, and of Sister,

In the mean time we'l spread abroad the rumor
Of this event that every one shall hear it
Within the Island.
Thersander. I approve this project.
Diana. My life lies on it.
Ismenia. I go to begin
To lie unto *Parthenia.*

SCENA IV.

PARTHENIA, ISMENIA, DIANA, THERSANDER, THIMANTES.

Parthenia. Ismenia,
I would speak one word with thee but a moment,
Ismenia. Immediately when you have born a part
In the contentment of this pair; *Diana*
Hath for the future no more cause to weep
Heaven hath been pleas'd that she hath found her brother,
It is this happy Shepheard, they acknowledge
Each other.
Parthenia. This event, I must confess
Confounds my spirits; *Thersander* found her brother?
Diana. Yes Nymph, it is the same,
For whom my grief was hitherto extream. [10]
The Gods at length have heard my prayers and sighs.
Thersander. Yes, Madam they have granted our desires.
Parthenia. I'm very glad on't, and my soul is ravish'd
With this good fortune of our friends, which makes
Our lives content, *Diana* will oblige me
If she please at her leisure to inform me
With the discovery; but acquaint the Nymph
Therewith, and to that purpose go to see her.
Thersander. We ow that duty to our Soveraign.
Exeunt THERSANDER *and* DIANA.
Parthenia. In the mean time *Ismenia* and my self [20]
May entertain each other in discourse,
Thimantes, I believe, will not be jealous.
Thimantes. Let not a third come, Madam, and I fear

Nothing from you. *Exit* THIMANTES.
Parthenia. *Ismenia*, I know not,
If I may safely tell a secret to thee,
Alas!
Ismenia. I know it well, since the heart sighs;
When one would say I love, and dares not speak it,
The heart at the nam'd point gives an Alas,
Have not I well divin'd?
Parthenia. *Ismenia*,
I do confess it, see too, if thou canst
Divine the object that procures my grief
Let me not speak him, spare my cheeks those blushes.
Ismenia. I cannot, a sigh carries not so far;
You love; but what more, is beyond my skil
To understand, unless your self unfold
That sigh unto me by its cause.
Parthenia. 'Tis true
I love.
Ismenia. But whom?
Parthenia. 'Tis—
Ismenia. Out with't.
Parthenia. *Clidamant.*
Ismenia. Behold a handsom way to name a Lover;
Ha! how you fear your lips should touch upon it!
One must draw 't word by word out of your mouth;
You have then but one lover; really
'Tis well as't happens; had you lists of them
As I have, which I name, and reckon over
Every hour of the day, your bashfullness
Would well become you; love is a fair fruit,
But then it must be gathered, modesty
Leaves it to fall and wither, but I pray you
What will *Melissa* say to't, who intends
To match her Neece to *Thirsis?*
Parthenia. Oh! I hate
That *Thirsis*, and shall be even in despair,
If the Nymph force me to observe my duty
In that particular; yet I would keep it

Without disturbance, if the love I bear
To *Clidamant* should not return me his;
For to speak truly I am violent
Where honour doth ingage me, therefore would I
Have his heart to be sounded, and as I
Find it dispos'd, I should pursue my love,
Or quench my flame.
Ismenia. Speak unto him your self,
Nothing's more easie.
Parthenia. But, *Ismenia*,
Thou hast a wit would help me; if I should
Speak to him, he hath little understanding
If he should not know that I first was taken,
And I should sin against the rule of maids
To make such a confession.
Ismenia. You may write then.
Parthenia. This is all one, still the same point of honour
Forbids it me; my Letter would discover
My love, and make him boast thereof, perhaps,
To my dishonour, if he might have once
That mark on't in his hand.
Ismenia. Let him then
Divine it, if he be Astrologer.
Parthenia. Treat not my passion thus with railery.
Ismenia. I must then serve you in it, I perceive;
Well I'l about it with my best invention;
I'l write a Letter to him, and invite him
By a feign'd love, as soon as it is night,
To meet me at the Eccho of the Garden,
To entertain us there.
Parthenia. So in my absence
Thou shalt discern his thought.
Ismenia. This business
Concerns you, Madam, and requires your presence.
You shall speak softly to him, and in those
Sweet moments, you shall understand much better
What his thoughts are, and thus you may yourself,
To find out if he loves, speak of your self.

Parthenia. Thou wilt be present too?
Ismenia. Yes, I'l so well
Contrive it, that he shal believe undoubtedly
That it is I that speak.
Parthenia. But how can we
Speak to the Eccho, for thou know'st the Nymph,
As soon as it is night, retires her self,
And then we cannot come there, what devise now
Hast thou that we may speak to him?
Ismenia. Cannot we [100]
Speak to him from the terras which joins close
Unto the Garden; you know that you can
Conveniently come there at any hour
From your apartment; 'tis upon this ground,
And these conjunctures, that I've ta'n the plot
For my invention.
Parthenia. I admire thy wit,
Tis wonderfull industrious and ready.
Ismenia. I'l write the Letter here before your eyes,
Behold the paper for it.
Parthenia. How, these are [110]
Thy writing Tables!
Ismenia. They can speak of Passions
Discreet and secret; I'l about my business,
And use my smoothest stile.
Parthenia. Especially
Appoint him wel the hour and place of meeting:
How redevable am I to thy wit
For this great favour? what do I not ow thee
For this good office, thou giv'st me again,
Life, and repose.
Ismenia. See what I write unto him
In two words for you, they are very pressing, [120]
And will ingage him to betake himself
Unto the place appointed to know more.
Parthenia. 'Tis very well; it rests now how to giv' 't him.
Ismenia. Leave me the care of that; but here he comes.

Scena V.

Melintus, Clidamant, Parthenia, Ismenia.

Melintus, *To* CLIDAMANT. Yes, I have heard *Diana* is his sister.

Clidamant. *To* PARTHENIA. Madam, *Melintus* and my self are going
To seek *Thersander*, to congratulate
With him his happy meeting with his sister.

Ismenia. *To* CLIDAMANT, *softly*. *Thersander's* happy, and thou art no lesse,
Since thy good fortune offereth it self
Unto thy hand, from whence thou mai'st expect
All that thou canst desire without that jealous.

Parthenia. *To* ISMENIA. Come, let us go, the Nymph expecteth us.

Ismenia. *Softly to* CLIDAMANT. Having no opportunity at present [10]
To speak unto thee, read, I think 't will please thee.

Clidamant. Read it, I think 't will please thee, what i' th' name
Of wonder doth she mean?

Melintus. Take but the pain
To open, and to read it thou shalt find.

Clidamant. I think, I may make thine eys witnesses
Of what it doth contain, there's nothing in it
Secret or serious, *Ismenia* loves
To jest, and to be talk'd of; and this is
Some new piece of her wonted merry wit.

Melintus. I am impatient, prethee open it. [20]

Clidamant. Let me see what divertisement is here,
Which she expounds good fortune, what is this?

He reads.

List of my Lovers by an exact order
Of Alphabet.
'Tis very well put of;
But so far forth as I can see yet, neither

Observe I here *Melintus* or my self.

Melintus. For my part, I renounce there; turn the leaf, Go on.

CLIDAMANT *reads.*

Stanzas of DORILAS *upon inconstancy.*

'Tis true, *Ismenia* thou art fair,
But more inconstant then the air;
And every Lover is a Mark
Exposed to thy humourous dart;
As soon as he meets thy disdain,
He flies to death to cure his pain,
And makes but one large step in all
From his bright glory to his fall.

With these defects yet thou canst charm;
But I'l not love, for fear of harm;
Yet I approve all things in thee,
Yea even to thy inconstancy;
And will not, to incur thy hate,
Jealous *Melintus* imitate,
Whose humour every thing offends,
And nothing pleaseth but its ends.

Clidamant. Melintus, what sai'st thou unto them?

Melintus. I see for what design she put those Tables
Into thy hand, I call'd her cocket lately,
And that, it seems, provok'd her to return me
The injury with one of the same nature.

Clidamant, continues to read.

Sonnet of Silvio, my most faithful Lover.
A Madrigal of *Thirsis*,—what's this follows,
Unto the Shepheard *Clidamant.*
Melintus,
Am I not purblinde, see if this name doth
Strike thine eyes thus like mine!

Melintus. Looking into the writing Tables. Nothing's more certain,

It is address'd to thee; thou art more happy
Then thou imagin'st.
Clidamant. Reads.
As soon as the dark shadows of the night
Hang o'r the light,
At th' Eccho of the Garden let us meet; [60]
But be discreet;
'Tis love invites thee; more anon,
When w' 're alone.
Ismenia.
Melintus. Would take the writing Tables. Prethee let me see them,
Grant me this favour—not, then I believe
Thou do'st disguise the truth, and read'st *Ismenia*,
When 'tis subscrib'd *Diana.*
Clidamant. Oh fond jealous!
How long wilt thou thus be thy own tormenter?
Melintus. Yet shew them me.
Clidamant. To cure thy troubled spirit,
I'l first o'rcome thy curiosity; [70]
And since the discreet Lover, what vain heat
So ever presseth thee, never shews thus
His Mistress name—
Melintus. But—
Clidamant. Quit those blind suspicions; as soon
As it is night I'l go unto the Eccho
Alone, and without noise; I'm all a fire
To know what she will tell me, in the mean time
Let's go unto the Nymph to seek *Thersander.*
Melintus. Softly. To be more sure, and to inform my self
Yet fuller of thy faith in this my doubt, [80]
I'l to the Eccho too, and find it out.

The end of the second Act.

ACTUS III.

Scena I.

Melissa, Diana.

Melissa. I say to thee again that I receive

Much pleasure at this news, that thou, *Diana*,
Art sister to the generous *Thersander;*
He hath inform'd me with the strange misfortune
Which separated on the churlish Sea
The Brother from the Sister, in what place
Upon a plank, escaped from the wrack,
The storm remov'd him from the anger of
Th' inraged Sea, what countries he hath seen,
What pains and troubles he hath undergone;
Lastly he nam'd the happy fortune which
Conducted him to us here; I thank Heaven,
That made thee know him, I'm as sensible
Of this content as thou canst be thy self;
He is so highly qualified, that he's worthy
The name of King, ye both shal find with me
A Sanctuary, and what ever fortune
Ye have, I will partake it good or bad;
My fortunes, ye shall bare too, so that all things
Between us shall be common: I believe
Diana towards me will be so well
Dispos'd of her part, and that whatsoever
Concerns me, will touch her.
Diana. Madam, I should
Be barbarously ingratefull otherwise;
I still remember that being on the Shore,
Cast as a wretched wrack there by the floods,
Expecting every minute deaths approach,
I met with you my port and sanctuary:
Oh that I have not power for all this goodness
T' express how much acknowledgement I have!
Melissa. Thou hast.
Diana. How Madam?
Melissa. In expecting nothing
But death as I do now, thou canst be to me
At thy turn both my port and sanctuary;
Thou canst subdue the enemy that braves me,
That of a Soveraign will make a slave;
He's in thy power, thou canst abate his courage.

Diana. What is the enemy which troubles you?
Melissa. He's one whose Magick can enchant the arms
Of the most Valiant; he can draw tears from
The most Heroick; nothing is so strong,
Which he can't compass; and without respect
To any place or person whatsoever,
He equally distributeth his flames.
Diana. I know him not yet by this Character.
Melissa. How know'st thou not that tyrant of great Monarcks?
That famous Conqueror of Conquerours,
Who notwithstanding is but a blind child?
Diana. If I durst to express me, I believe,
I know him.
Melissa. Speak it freely.
Diana. I'm mistaken,
Or I have seen love painted in such colours,
Blind and a child, yet a great Conquerour.
Melissa. 'Tis the same love whereof I speak unto thee.
Diana. Who is the happy Lover that procures
Your martyrdome?
Melissa. Alas! could'st thou not spare me
The shame to speak him? cover, gentle night,
Immediately those places and my brow
With the same colour, so to please my heat;
I love; but let us finish since I've said
I love, *Thersander* is my object.
Diana. What,
My Brother?
Melissa. He. If his heart be a prize
Not easie to be gain'd, there's nothing which
I would spare for him, I would arm to have him;
Nought should oppose me, every obstacle
I would o'rcome; already by some words
Which he observ'd not, spoken by the bie,
My love was half expressed.
Diana. As he should not
Dare to pretend unto so great an honour,
He would be criminal, if he believed

To understand you.

Melissa. Well then, be thou here
The mouth and true interpreter of my heart,
Express the kind heat of my timerous soul;
Tell him that I'm a subject to his Laws,
That he may boldly fix his thoughts upon
The person of *Melissa*, and not fear
To be condemn'd, that his ambition [80]
May soar so high a pitch, and not be check'd,
That he may sigh the same sighs with a King;
Husband that heart for me, to which mine aims;
But let him not think that it comes from me;
My honour would receive a prejudice
By such a thought, thou only shalt acquaint him
With this, as from thy self.

Diana. I understand you,
He must needs yield to this; I'l do your will.

Melissa. As soon as he appears, I will retire me,
And from one of these places I shall hear [90]
Every word that you speak one to another
In reference to my flame.

Diana. I should methinks
Act with more freeness, if I were to treat
With him alone.

Melissa. No, I will hear my self
What he thinks of me, I can best of all
Trust mine own ears and eyes in this affair.

Diana. But, Madam, after all—

Melissa. Shepheardess,
The thing's resolv'd, thou need'st not say no more.
Untill he come, I pray thee, entertain [100]
These woods here with some air, and let us see
If the Eccho will answer to thy discourse;

Diana. Your prayer is a command; some plaints of love
Shall make the subject of it.

Melissa. What thou wilt.

DIANAS SONG.

Ye Trees, ye Rocks, perfumed Valleys, sweet
And charming Zephirs, murmuring fountains keep
My griefs close in your bosome, you alone
Are witnesses unto my fires and mone,
Tell me if my sad heart, not daring to [110]
Declare it it self, at least may sigh its woe?
May sigh its woe—Eccho.

Well then my sighs, make no noise as ye passe
The airy Regions only breath alas
Vnto the heart that sent you forth; since I
Can't speak to thee, dear object of my cry,
Let th' Ecco, that's attentive, say for me
That if I love (as sure I do) 'tis thee.
'Tis thee—Eccho.

Scena II.

Thersander, Melissa, Diana.

Thersander. Diana's here about, her voice assures me.
Melissa. Softly to DIANA. Thy Brother comes here, take this opportunity.
Be sure thou speak unto him loud enough;
Thou art my only hope; I go from hence
To hear, and to observe thee.
Diana. Softly We are undone,
Thersander will discover all in speaking.
Thersander. 'Tis now no longer time to utter sighs,
Let us resume our joy, and dry our tears,
Crown our sad spirits with flowers, and think no more of [10]
Our pass'd misfortunes, let's form our discourse
Of the most pleasant thoughts, and let us chat
Of love.
Diana. Let me alone, I'l entertain thee
Upon that subject.

Thersander. I belongs to me
To speak of that, and when I do consider
With what darts in my heart—
Diana. I know it well
'Tis of a longer date then from to day,
That I have read thy heart; and I believe [20]
That never any one hath seen a Brother
To love his sister so.
Thersander. That love wherewith
I am assaulted, and would make thee see,
Exceeds that of a brother, it begets,
Complaints and Sighs, it driveth to despair,
And kills; the love we bear unto a Sister,
Makes not so many sufferings; but I love—
Diana. I divine whom, thou burnest with desire
To speak unto me here of *Celiaes* love. [29]
Thersander. Thou do'st divine right, I take a great pleasure
To speak of it with thee; methinks I see her
Still when I look on thee; how fit I find thee
To be the faithfull guardian of my love,
Assur'd of thy fidelity, and that
Thy heart is alwaies mine.
Diana. Thou need'st not doubt it.
Thersander. O my dear!
Diana. Brother I'm not ignorant
How dear I am unto thee.
Thersander. Thy fair eyes—
Diana. How! flatter and court thy sister [40]
By thy discourse?
Thimantes.[1] I cannot speak, unto thee
Thou interrupt'st me still.
Diana. Th advice is worth it, and I'l give thee notice
That from esteem they pass to love for thee,
That scarce arrivedst thou unto this place
But thy good fortune without any trouble
Gain'd thee the conquest of a heart, for which

[1] This is evidently a misprint for *Thersander.*

Great Kings will envie thee, it is *Melissa's.*
Thersander. O Gods! what dost thou say?
Diana. What doth astonish thee,
I see how thou art troubled to believe it.
This great heart finds no place yet in thy faith:
To make thee happy in 't, I must imbrace thee.
She speaks softly to him, in imbracing him.
The Nymph hears our discourse, 'tis fit thou feign.
She speaks loud again.
Wilt thou not yield to this excess of houour?
Think that thy *Celia* in this conjuncture,
Hath no resentment in her heart against thee,
Nor murmurs at it.
Thersander. In this extasie
Wherein I am through this excess of honour, [60]
I'm seeking of my self, but cannot find me.
How! dare to love the Nymph? t'aspire to her?
No my ambition's not so criminal.
Diana. Under those high respects, I see thy love.
Thersander. How can I otherwise express it, Sister?
If the Nymph tempts me, and will make a crime on 't,
It shall then have the name but of a lawfull
Respect; and if I see occasion
T'express me further on this point, this lawfull
Respect shall bear the bolder name of love. [70]
Diana. Brother, it hath that name, and I am ready
To boast unto her, her illustrious conquest:
But the Sun, I perceive, plungeth himself
I' th' waters, and the shadows seise the tops
O' th' Mountains, it is time now to betake me
Unto *Melissa;* but behold, she comes.
Melissa comes forth from the place where she was hidden.
Melissa. What serious discourse have you together?
Diana. Our subject is of Love, of Mistresses,
Of Servants, and of Sighs.
Melissa. What! hath *Thersander* [80]
Already gotten him a Mistress?
Thersander. Madam,

I have too little merit and address:
Besides to serve, to honour and obey you,
I have no other thought; our discourse was,
Your goodness for us, which my heart shall ever
Record as in a Register of Brass,
Where my acknowledgements shall never pass.

Scena III.

Melintus, Melissa, Diana, Thersander.

Melintus. Calling. Ho, *Clidamant!*
Melissa. It is enough, let's go.
I hear some noise, and would not be seen here
I' th' night. *Exeunt* MELISSA, DIANA, THERSANDER.
Melintus. Continuing to call. Ismenia, Clidamant! they hear,
But flie me, and the night robs my sight of them;
But this is not *Ismenia*, and I am
Deceived much, if I saw not the gate,
The stature, and the gesture of *Diana;*
Yes, *Clidamant* abus'd me with a lie, [10]
Diana builds his fortune at my cost,
And that note which he would conceal from me
Without doubt was subscrib'd with her fair hand;
Yes, 'twas *Dianaes*, though he read *Ismenia*,
To spare my grief a little, and my trouble.
How simple was I that I followed
Not close upon his steps: but soft, methinks,
I hear a noise, perhaps it may be he. [18]

Scena IV.

Clidamant, Melintus.

Clidamant. O Night, lend me thy silence, make these woods
To hold their peace in th' absence of the day,
And let no sound be heard here but my love:
At last I'm happily delivered from
A troublesome companion, that would

Obstruct my fortune, that same jealous Shepheard
Without respect and faith.
Melintus. I'm much oblig'd
Unto thee for this noble character
Thou giv'st me; in despight of all my care
And cunning thou art come without my company
To see thy lovely Mistress.
Clidamant. I came here
To meet another person: for my Mistress,
I have already spoken with her fully.
Melintus. Yes, if mine eyes deceiv'd me not, thou talkd'st
Unto *Diana*, and seeing me follow,
Ye both fled at one time, these Woods conceal'd you.
Clidamant. Good Gods! what saiest thou to me?
Melintus. But I'l be
More wise another time, and heed you better.
Clidamant. I understand not what this language means,
But this distrust doth me an injury:
Why covet'st thou t' accompany me thus,
Since th' object that expecteth me, forbids it;
Desirest thou to publish secret passions?
Ismenia in thy sight gave me those Tables;
'Tis she that doth expect me at the place
Appointed; for *Diana*, she knows nothing
Of this invention: if thou canst, injoy
That lovely Shepheardess and think not me
Guilty of any treason, I seek only
Ismenia, and shun society:
In this affair, Shepheard retire thy self
And leave my love in peace, why wouldst thou do me
So ill an office?
Melintus. This appointed meeting
Denotes some artifice; I observ'd lately
At our last Games the amorous commerce
That pass'd between *Diana* and thy self,
So many kind respects, such gentle glances,
And private whisperings forming the suspicion
That still awakes me.

Clidamant. Cease to trouble me,
And thy self too unnecessarily;
Our discourse only was an effect of
Civility; I say again, I leave
Diana to thee; oh how perfectly
I hate those vain suspicions and condemn them!
Melintus. *Ismenia's* very free she would have had
Boldness enough to express her love by day,
Why should she make choice of the night to speak it?
Why dar'd she not to utter it in words,
But writ it to thee?
Clidamant. In vain jealous Shepheard,
Thou askest me that question, all that I
Can say unto thee, is that I am sent for;
I cannot tell thee more if the occasion
Be good or bad; if I could satisfie thee
Upon that point, believ't thou should'st excuse me.
Melintus. I'l follow thee where ere thou goest.
Clidamant. Oh Gods!
What a Tormentor have I?
Melintus. I attend thee.
Clidamant. Then stay thou here, I'l leave the place unto thee.
Softly. I feign to withdraw, to withdraw him also. *Exit*
Melintus. What! leav'st thou me alone? and cunningly
Hid'st me those secrets, which yet I must know:
Feign as much as thou wilt, in spight of thee
I will find out to which of those two objects
Thou giv'st thy faith, and dost direct they[2] vows,
I'l be a witness of thy secret love;
Another shall inform me on't, *Thimantes*
Will tell me all the Plot; to him I'l go,
And give him notice of the assignation;
He'l come to let me know sure, if *Diana*
Appeareth there; or if it be *Ismenia*,
I shall do him a mischief; when *Thimantes*
Shall see his Mistress appoint secret meetings

[2] Probably a misprint for *thy*.

To others then himself at such an hour,
He hath a poor spirit if he loves her still:
So shall I have pleasure in my resentment
In weakning the fierceness of *Ismenia*,
And of her servant, I'l to him immediately.

SCENA V.

PARTHENIA, ISMENIA.

Parthenia. *upon the terras.* I hear a noise, *Ismenia*, is't not *Clidamant?*
Ismenia. Fear not, we shall hear of him presently.
Parthenia. I hear no more noise, all is husht and still;
Only the night, and silence raigneth here.
Ismenia. Hark, I hear something, let us handsomly [5]
Dissemble now.
Parthenia. Oh how I feel my soul
Seised with love and fear!

SCENA VI.

CLIDAMANT, ISMENIA, PARTHENIA.

Clidamant. No person follows me,
I am at liberty; jealous *Melintus*
Haunteth my steps no more.
Ismenia. Madam, 'tis he.
Clidamant. Well I'l go on to instruct me what *Ismenia*
Hath to impart unto me in these Gardens:
Ismenia!
Ismenia. *Clidamant.*
Clidamant. Is it thee, *Ismenia?*
Ismenia. Yes, I expect thee.
Clidamant. Thou may'st have pretence [10]
T'accuse my tardy comming, but a jealous—
Ismenia. It is enough, thou art belov'd, assure thee;

Draw neer; but let us speak soft, I'm afraid
We should be heard.—
Softly. Put yourself in my place and take this opportunity.

Scena VII.

Thimantes, Clidamant, Parthenia, Ismenia.

Thimantes. Speaking to MELINTUS *behind the Stage.*
I am oblig'd to thee for this advertisement;
If I find at the Eccho either of them,
Diana or *Ismeina*, believe me,
I'l faithfully report it, to remove
Thy trouble, if I can: *Ismenia*
Appoints me very often here to meet her,
Where, notwithstanding her inconstancy,
Her mouth in secret giveth me the hope
Of a most constant love, and for a pledge
Of her faith, never any but my self [10]
At those hours entertains discourse with her;
I'l to her now, and charge her with this crime
Of comming here without acquainting me.
I'l approach softly without making noise
Lest it might raise a scandal in the night;
Ismenia.
Clidamant. Quitting PARTHENIA. Some noise hath struck mine ear,
I'l return to you— *Exit.*
Parthenia. O what feat[3] is comparable
To mine! *Ismeina*, come to me presently. [20]
Clidamant. Speaking to THIMANTES *whom he takes for* MELINTUS.
Melintus, really I can no longer
Suffer your importunity; why should you
Imagine that I am the Author of
Your trouble? I speak to no person here

[3] Probably should be *fear*.

But to the Shepheardess *Ismenia;*
I tell thee once aain, she sent for me,
And I am certain that the note is written
And signed with her hand; 'tis true, this fair one
Sighs only for the love of me, her mouth
Hath told it me already, and I answer
Unto her fires with a mutual heat;
Assure your self, and settle upon this
My faithfull protestation, that *Diana*
Ne'r made me sigh.
Thimantes. Softly. O most perfidious!
Clidamant. See what an injury you do me now,
To satisfie you yet more fully hold,
There are the writing Tables, see her name.
Examin't well, and take repose at last
Without disturbing mine. D'ye place your glory
In persecuting me?
Thimantes. Softly. Shame of my love,
Depart my memory, I have wherewith
Both to reproach, and to convict thy falsehood;
And when I've done it, treacherous spirit, I'l quit thee,
And then I shall be satisfied.
Clidamant. Melintus,
What is't thou murmur'st yet? I must break with thee,
If this strange humour lasts, in acting thus,
You will lose all your friends, your jealous head,
And strange fantastick humours, but he's gone;
I will return unto the object which
Both charms and loves me.
Parthenia. To ISMENIA. There's our discourse,
Make an end on't thy self.
Clidamant. I'm rid at last
Of my impertinent; jealous *Melintus*
Hath left me now.
Ismenia. Adieu, let us retire.
I'm certainly inform'd that thy ambition
Aspireth to *Parthenia*, in vain then
Thou holdest me discourse.

Clidamant. In two words I will tell thee, that I have
Too full a knowledge of the eminence
Of her condition, as to dare to lift
My hope so high: Oh if I durst to love her;
But being less ambitious, I obey
My duty, and I better know my self,
Adieu until to morrow.
Parthenia. To ISMENIA. Oh *Ismenia!*
What content have I? and how skilfull art thou
In this affair of love? I do admire [70]
Thy wit, and thy invention; the thing
Answered my wish.
Ismenia. By this discourse of his
You may perceive love under that respect,
Like fire under its ashes; 'tis not lately,
Your charms have taken him.
Parthenia. In the mean time—
Ismenia. In the mean time, live all fair wits, say I;
Without me, you had been reduc'd unto
A sad condition, to die with grief,
And love, without expressing it.
Parthenia. 'Tis late; [80]
Come, in the absence of the day let's prove,
If sleep will follow on the steps of love.

The end of the Third Act.

ACTUS IV.

Scena I.

THIMANTES, ISMENIA.

Thimantes. How! in the night, perfidious, to exasperate
My anger, dar'st thou to grant private meetings
To any but my self? yea in the night
Without light and attendance in the Garden,
Thou entertain'dst the Shepheard *Clidamant.*
Ismenia. How's this! *Thimantes* in a rage, O Gods!
Who would have thought it?

Thimantes. Wilt thou say that I
Complain now without reason, that I have
A crack'd brain, and bleer'd eyes? it is too long,
Inconstant, to arrest thy spirits, behold
This witness, it hath told me every thing;
Yet I should not believe that thou wert guilty,
If such an evidence accus'd thee not,
But since I disingage my faith to thee,
This very instant, I restore thy papers
And will have nothing more to do with thee.
Ismenia. Well, let it be so then, I doubt it not,
But I shall be provided in good time;
When one forsakes me, presently another
Offers his service, otherwise I should,
In this unlucky moment of thy change,
Be destitute of an officious Lover;
But thanks unto the Gods, more then one calls me
His Mistress, and I shall have no less courtship
And press for thy departure, these notes here
Express the names of those that I've subjected,
I'l blot thee presently out of my Table-book.
Thimantes. Light Shepheardess!
Ismenia. For all this I am troubled
For thy disquiet, without further jesting,
Know that this trouble which possesseth thee
Proceeds but from a fiction, speedily
I'l clear it to thee, only have but patience
To stay here till the Shepheard *Clidamant*
Arrives, before whom I have order to
Discover the deceit; and then I know
Thou wilt excuse me for it. Here he comes.

Scena II.

Clidamant, Ismenia, Thimantes.

Clidamant. Have I not staid too long? suspect me not,
Thimantes, I was sent for: well what is

Your pleasure?
Ismenia.. Thy misfortune is extream,
Thimantes cannot suffer that another
Should love me, and one that accompt intends
To measure with thee sword and arm to day.
Clidamant. He is my friend, and therefore I am loath
To have a quarrel with him; to accord it,
Chuse of us two him whom thou think'st most faithfull,
I am content to stand unto my fortune. [10]
Ismenia. Thimantes, what say you?
Thimantes. I agree to't.
Ismenia. To CLIDAMANT. Then thus; for him, I do confess I love him
A little, but for thee,—nothing at all.
My mouth interprets truely what my heart thinks.
Clidamant. O the most fickle and most wanton issue
Of the inconstant sex! thou lov'st a moment,
I love a moment also.
Ismenia. Notwithstanding
I have a secret to impart unto thee. [20]
Clidamant. A Secret in thy heart loseth its name
In less time then a minute, without doubt:
Ismenia. Thou thought'st last night, that I discours'd with thee
At th' Eccho of the Garden?
Clidamant. Yes.
Ismenia. But what
If thou wert then deceiv'd, and that another
In my place counterfeited there my voice?
Clidamant. What hast thou told me?
Ismenia. That which may be true.
Clidamant. I cannot comprehend it, nor find thee; [30]
Thou dost do nothing but deceive at all times,
And in all places; thou canst turn thy heart
And eyes into all sences; how! another
Possess my place?
Ismenia. What if by this advise
I gained thee the heart of a fair Mistress,

One that's illustrious, and of noble blood,
And who after the Nymph hath the chief rank?
Clidamant. Well, feign thy fill, thou may'st speak what thou list;
I'm henceforth in no humour but to laugh.
Ismenia. If by the greatest oaths wherein my honour
Can be ingag'd, thou wilt believe the truth
Of what I told thee, that another person
Beside my self receiv'd thy vows last night
I hope thou wilt find out some fitter Epithits
Then false and wavering for me.
Clidamant. After such
An obligation, my charity
Would sway me much.
Ismenia. Then solemnly I swear,
It was *Parthenia* in my place, to whom
Thou didst express thy love; she borrowed
My name and shape, and thine eyes suffered
This sweet imposture.
Clidamant. Still thou dost abuse me,
I knew thee by thy voice.
Ismenia. When we spake loud,
'T was I that spake; then presently *Parthenia*
Advancing in my place discovered softly
Her soul and thought unto thee: after this,
Iudge, if I have deserv'd from thee, or no.
Clidamant. How! is it possible that she, to whose
High rank, I should not dare t' aspire unto
So much as in a thought, that she to whom
I durst not speak a word in way of plaint,
That she, to whom my high respect conceal'd
My amity, should yet feel pitty for me?
Alas! this cannot be, 'tis sin to think it.
Ismenia. Thou shalt see if I lie, and how sh' esteems thee;
I wait her here.
Clidamant. Therein I should obtain
The hight of my ambition; for this favour,
Oh let me kiss thy hands and die with pleasure.

Scena III.

Parthenia, Ismenia, Clidamant, Thimantes.

Parthenia. What spectacle is this? I see *Ismenia*
Sports with my fortune, if I trouble you,
I will retire, continue that rare favour;
Who freely gives the hands, may give the heart.
Ismenia. Ha! Madam, really you are a novice
In love; I gave him intimation of
The artifice we us'd, and he at first
Received my discourse with so much joy,
That he crav'd from me that civility.
Unto what jealous strange suspitions [10]
Are you drawn by this object! he but aim'd
To kiss my hand, and you are like to die for't?
Trouble your self no more thus to no purpose.
Partheia.[4] *Ismenia* thou restor'st me life, and rest,
I love thee, *Clidamant;* this jealous fit,
Methinks, might well have spared me the shame
Of telling it.
Clidamant. Fair Nymph. believe—
Parthenia. But let us
Enter into this Wood.
Clidamant. I wish the Eccho,
Sometimes a friend to Lovers, would redouble
My voice in saying to you that I love, [20]
And make you to repeat my words, I love.
Parthenia. Ismenia, be a faithfull witness of
Our chast amours, and come along with us
To hear what we discourse; *Thimantes* be
Discreet and secret.
Thimantes. Madam, I'm all silence.
See, what a strange unnecessary evil
Is that a jealous person doth sustain;
Foolish *Melintus* how thou art deceiv'd
In thinking that Diana is the object

[4] Misprint for *Parthenia.*

Of *Clidamant's* affection—here she comes
Discoursing with her brother, I will leave them.

Scena IV.

Diana, Thersander.

Diana. Let us consider what we are to do,
She loves thee infinitely, and I have
Command from her to speak to thee again,
In her behalf.
Thersander. Advise me what to do.
Diana. Since the Nymph loves thee with such passion,
As I perceive she doth, 'tis fit thou flatter
Her grief a little, otherwise I fear
That I shall lose thee after having found thee.
What mischief can she not do, when provoked?
Thersander. Since there needs but to feign all will succeed.
Diana. In the mean time, *Ismenia* will be carefull
To inquire for us, when the Merchant-ship
That's bound for Sevill will be fully ready
To set sail from the harbour; we shall hire him
To land us where we will; till when, our care
Must be not to offend the Nymph, for fear
She ruine us; she'l presently be here.
She's come already; act the Lover well,
Dissemble handsomly, therein consists
All that we can expect.

SCENA V.

Melissa, Diana, Thersander.

Melissa. A word, *Diana.*
Hast thou remov'd that fatal obstacle,
Which came to interrupt the pleasant course
Of my affections? hast thou setled
My lifes content, and razed *Celia*

Out of thy Brothers spirit?
Diana. His heart follows
Where my voice and his glory calleth him,
And cheerfully yieldeth obedience
To such sweet Laws.
Melissa. Blessed Interpreter [10]
Of a most ardent love! hast thou advis'd him
To keep it secret?
Diana. Only that point, Madam,
I have forgotten, but I will redeem it;
And tell him on't before you; if you please
That I go for him.
Melissa. Go, and bring him hither.
Diana. Softly. Feign handsomly unto her.
Thersander. Softly to DIANA. Fear it not.
I'l speak before her but of you, and to you, [20]
And yet not make her jealous.
Then he saith to MELISSA, *by whose side is* DIANA, *whom he looks upon. Aloud.*
Could you doubt
My heart should be so stupid, and insensible
Of my felicity how happy is
My fortune, and how gentle was the storm
That gave me this bless'd port, whereof great Kings
Are jealous? What proud Conqueror would not
Submit and lay his arms down with himself
At the fair feet of such a charming object?
A rude obdurate rock, would be consum'd, [30]
The coldest Marble would be kindled by it:
Yes, Madam, a fair eye but openeth
Its lid here, & 'tis day; the nights black shadows
Fly only from the Sun of those bright eyes,
Her fires too at the sight of them grow pale.
I must confess then, Madam, that I love them,
And that I live more in this beauteous object
Then in my self: my spirit is charmed with
A happiness unparallell'd, when I
Think that I love them, and am lov'd again. [40]

Melissa. Come, thou but feignest love? do not abuse me.
Thersander. O Gods! what do you say? Madam, I love
Or rather I adore.
Melissa. How has thou then
Dispos'd of *Celia* that reign'd o'r thy heart?
Thersander. That affair's ordered well, I've put her interest
Into my Sisters hands; sh' 'ath promis'd me
To make all fair of that side, and will answer
To me for her.
Melissa. Hast thou not boasted to me
That her eyes were the object of thy love?
That for thy sake she cherished the light [50]
Of the alternate day, and that they would
Cover themselves with an eternal night,
If thou shouldst cease to live or to be faithfull:
Think well of thy part what th' ast promised;
Be firm, be constant, fail not in that point,
Consider not at all this supream greatness;
Stick to thine object, love it for it self,
And have no interest for thy ambition,
Flatter thee with the honour to possess her,
Look only if she loves thee, not if she [60]
Enricheth thee, the beauty whom thou serv'st,
Should be thy crown, all greatness whatsoever
Should be esteem'd in thy accompt beneath it.
Thersander. Ne'r doubt it, Madam, I shall have those thoughts;
Greatness shall never blind me so far forth
As to oblige me to forget my love;
Which alwaies shall pure as the day star burn
Base interest shall never sully me.
Diana. I'l tell my Brother now, what I forgate

To THERSANDER.
If thou know'st well to love, know thou as wel [70]
To hold thy peace, love like the other Gods,
Is not without his secrets, he is serv'd
Sometimes by hearts that can't express themselves:
Take heed how thou provoke his jealous power,

Adore his Altars, but adore in silence;
For silence is a part of his Religion;
And oftentimes this fierce God is offended
At his own name; if any thing hereof
Should be known in the Isle, thou art undone:
Love, without speaking of it, that's the law,
Which is imposed on thee; she for her part
Will love thee likewise, use the secret well,
Melissa otherwise would die with grief;
I know th' excess of love wherewith thy soul
Is filled; but for thy own interest,
Put a seal on thy mouth.
Melissa. Yes, have a care
That none suspect our love, I'l take my time
To publish it, in the mean time I'l study
Thy settlement and thy repose which makes
That of my life; this free confession now,
Would call up envy from her Cell, and make
Our greatest Hero's, to dispute with thee
What I have promis'd thee, thine enemies.
Judge then how precious thy obedience is;
Since all thy good and happiness depends
Upon thy silence.
Thersander. Sure I should be strucken
With a strange blindness, if I observ'd not
This your command; I will obey so well,
That, Madam, even you your self shal doubt
Whether I love, or whether you I love.
Melissa. In the mean time thy sister shall assist me,
And have the ordering of our Amours;
Believe what she shal say, since I will make her
My only bosom friend, unto whose trust,
I will commit the secrets of my heart.
Thersander. I will make use of her in the same manner.
Enter MELINTUS. *He speaks to* MELISSA.
Melintus. Madam, a Jeweller, that useth still,
To come into the Games, desires access
Unto your presence.

Melissa. Cause him to come in.
This *Sevil* Merchant cometh every year
To sell and traffick in the Island with us.

Scena VI.

Melissa, Mercator, Thersander, Diana, Melintus.

Melissa. Shall you remain sometime yet on our shore?
Mercator. I stay but for your Passport to depart.
Every year, Madam, by your Highness bounty
My traffick thrives so well, that whatsoever
Commodities I bring unto your Isle,
I carry nothing back, you empty still
My casket: now I'l shew you, if you please,
Such rarities, as can be had no where
But in my hands.
Melissa. Let's see them.
Mercator. Here's a Diamond
Darts flame of all sides.
Melissa. 'Tis a sparkling stone
I like his lustre.
Mercator. Will you have it, Madam?
Melissa. I'l tell you presently, shew all at once,
Then I shall soon chuse: let me see that Coral.
Mercator. The piece is very fair; till now your Isle
Hath never seen the like.
Melissa. And what's that other?
Mercator. A piece of Amber-greece; Madam, 'tis rare
And of great price; I have pass'd divers Seas
To purchase it; alone 'tis worth as much
As all my casket.
Diana. For my part, I cannot
See any thing that's new here.
Mercator. Shepheardess,
This rope of Pearl is very rich and new,
'T would make you look more fair, more gay, more sparkling.
Melissa. Without those Ornaments of Art, she is

Charming enough, she needs no strange additions.
She maketh all our Shepheards die for love:
But for all this, though you are fair without them
I will bestow them on you, if you like them.
What saies *Diana*.
Diana. Madam, your great bounties—
Melissa. Lay them aside.
Mercator. But, Madam, look upon [30]
This Master-piece of Art, it is the Portrait
In little of the King of *Andalousia*.
Melissa. He's one of the best made that I have seen.
And who is this?
Mercator. It is his favourite
Nearchus sometime Prince of *Pichery*,
Who by a beauty fatal through her charms,
Gave up his arms, and life unto his Rival,
A gallant Gentleman, his name *Cleagenor*.
Thersander. *The first time softly*. May I believe! good Gods!
how he observes me?
But are you certain of Nearchus death? [40]
Mercator. He return'd sorely wounded from the fight,
And died four daies after, as all know.
Melissa. His valour seems yet painted in his face.
Mercator. But he that conquer'd him had more by much.
Behold his Portrait.
Thersander. *Softly*. Oh! what sheweth he?
Melissa. Is this that valiant *Cleagenor?*
Mercator. Yes, 'tis his picture.
Thersander. *Softly*. O unlucky accident!
Mercator. Of all those that I had, this only's left me: [50]
Th' offended King commanded me to carry them
Unto all places where I went, and traffick'd,
That so he might be known, and then arrested;
For after this great Combat, to secure
His head from pursuit, he took flight immediately.
Melissa. *Thersander*, in my judgement, nothing can
Better resemble you, I think your sister
Will say as much.

Thersander. Madam, we see that Nature
Sports sometimes in her works, and makes some feitures [60]
In faces to resemble somewhat neerly.
Melissa. This Merchant, I believe, 's of my opinion.
Mercator. Madam, without doubt, 'tis *Cleagenor.*
Thersander. The thing is little certain on the faith
And bare ground of a Portrait.
Mercator. Sir, you are
The very same, I am confirmed now
In my first thoughts, all that which hitherto
Hindered me to judge so, was the name of
Thersander, and the habit of a Shepheard. [70]
Thersander. Who! I, *Cleagenor?*
Mercator. Yes, Sir, I saw you
The last yeer in the fortunate Islands, and
Not above four moneths since in *Portugal;*
Sevll's your native Country; since you meet here
Your safety, to what purpose should you cover
Those things with silence?
Melissa. Sure, you need not blush,
Thersander, at this fair acknowledgement.
Thersander. I confess, Madam, that I blush a little, [80]
Not that mine arm hath not done all that which
It ought to do in the death of my Rival,
Nearchus was too rash, and insolent;
From the fair and unspotted object which
Made my most chast desires, he in his thoughts
Formed the object of his filthy pleasures;
But he hath paid for't, and his death is just:
Only the thing that troubles and afflicts me,
And for which I am sorry at my heart,
Is that I told you nothing of my secret. [90]
Melissa. I guess the cause of it, and know your thought,
And what fear troubled it, and that you chose
Another name only to free you from
The penalty o' th' Law; but fear not any thing;
I'l oppose power to power for your defence;
Your interests are mine, I'l make your peace;

The King of *Andalousia* shall be weary
Of persecuting you; if he persist
To trouble your repose, I'l invade his:
If he refuse to grant what we demand,
From our request we will proceed to arms.
Thersander. What obligation have you upon me
For all your goodness?
Melissa. But let's make an end
Of seeing all the rarities.
Mercator. Behold
With admiration Madam, this rare piece,
It is *Diana's* Picture.
Melissa. How *Dianaes*?
Diana. Softly. O sad misfortune!
Mercator. It is the Divinity,
Whose Temple's here, the Goddess of this place.
Diana. Softly. I cease to tremble, all is well again.
Melissa. What Portrait's this?
Mercator. It is a Beauties, Madam,
Whose heavenly graces made two desperate Lovers,
That sight[5] for her, arm for the field, and fight;
It is that fair ones whom I told you of
For whom *Cleagenor* and *Nearchus* burn'd,
And who pursued hotly by two Rivals,
Cost the one flight, and life unto the other.
After *Nearchus* death, I bought his Portraits:
This that he had without doubt's to the life.
But who can better then *Cleagenor*
Instruct you in this point?
Melissa. To THERSANDER. D'ye know this piece?
Thersander. I know not what to say on't.
Melissa. I observe
Much of thy sisters air in't.
Diana. O ye Gods!
Turn aside this misfortune.
Melissa. Really

[5] That is, *sighed.*

The glass, *Diana*, which receives thy image,
Represents less thy shape and countenance;
And any other but the Painter would
Believe indeed that he finish'd this Portrait
Upon thy presence.
Mercator. There's no doubt of it.
One may admire in this adventure how
Art imitateth nature: It is she
For whom *Nearchus* sigh'd.
Thersander. Softly. O Gods! where are we? [140]
Our fortunes now are desperate.
Diana. Know'st thou me?
Mercator. I am of the same Town, and therefore know you;
Your mother is *Melora*, and she dwells
At *Sevil*; I shall make her a glad woman
At my return, to tell her that her *Celia*
Lives yet, and is in health here in this Island.
Melissa. How! *Celia?*
Mercator. Yes, Madam, that is her name.
Diana. What cloud of errour blindeth thy soul thus? [150]
That *Celia* whom thou mean'st, and dost discourse of,
Died before *Nearchus*.
Mercator. It was believ'd so
At first; but since, all *Sevil* knows the contrary,
And that false death is now no more a mystery
Unto me; I know where the mourning went,
And how a Coffin only was interr'd
Instead of you, that this apparent sign
Of your death only could secure you from
Nearchus ill designs; I know besides
That you betook your self unto the Sea, [160]
Where you sight[6] not, but for *Cleagenor;*
The Sea prov'd false to you, and to your mother,
And separated you one from another
By the assistance of a hideous storm:
She having sav'd herself upon a plank

[6] *Sighed*, as above.

Sought you from one end of the World to th' other;
But hearing no news of you, she believ'd
At her return to *Sevil* that the Sea
Had swallowed you, and death had made her search
Unprofitable.
Diana. Thou knowest secrets which
To me are Riddles.
Mercator. Wherefore should you, Lady,
Dissemble thus your knowledge of a thing
Which is no more conceal'd; one of your people
A complice of the Plot, divulg'd it lately;
Melora too since her return reveal'd
The whole Imposture, all impediment
Being remov'd after *Nearchus* death:
This that I know, I understood from her.
Thersander. All this thou saiest, is strange news unto us.
Mercator. You have the art, I see, well to dissemble;
But by your favour might it not be you
That did imploy a friend unto me lately
To pray me to receive into my bark
Two Shepheards, natives of the Town of *Sevil?*
Thersander. Madam, this Merchant doth compose Romants.
And tells you all these strange adventures only,
To shew his wit, and faculty that way.
Melissa. Yet his discourse is not without some ground,
I find good reason so to judge of it;
If I remember well, you willingly
Did put the interest of *Celia*
Into your sisters hands, she promised
To make all fair of that side, and to answer
To you for her: Merchant, another time
See us again. How both of you abuse me
With an Imposture form'd under false names
To carry on your love in a disguise!
What in my Palace, in my Court, my presence,
Sport with my person thus in a contempt!
Insolent wretches, you shall feel what force
My anger hath when thus provok'd, I'l make you—

Thersander. Oh, Madam!
Melissa. Go, Impostor, thou shalt answer
For all the troubles of my heart; none ever
Affronted me yet without punishment:
I'l sacrifice you both to my disgrace,
In such a manner, that ye shal repent
Eternally that e'r ye made me blush:
Depart my sight.
Thersander. O what misfortune's this!
Melissa. To MELINTUS. See that you separate them one from another
In several apartments, that they may
Hold no discourse together. O misfortune
Not to be parallell'd! What shall I do?
Of whom should I take counsel in this case?
Shall I hear yet my love that murmureth?
Ought I to suffer, or repel the injury?
It is resolv'd in my offended heart
That those black Passions shal succeed my love,
By which the soul when in disorder, breaks
The chain wherewith she's ti'd, break forth my fury,
And ruine these ingratefull they shal know
My power, as they have seen my goodness to the:[7]
They shall not mock at my simplicity,
Nor reproach me for my credulity:
How! treacherous *Thersander;* oh! that name
Thersander combats yet within my heart,
In its defence, my spirits at this name
Are wavering, and my anger's weak, my hate
Is in suspense; I am not pleas'd with that
Which I demand; I fear what I would most.
Ha traitor, must I to torment my self
Suspend my judgement upon thy destruction?
Must I dispute the case within my self
As doubtfull to determine, no pass sentence
Against him for this barbarous affront:

[7] For *them.*

Arm my despair, and inspire thou my rage:
And let me see how faithfully my Art
Will serve my vengeance in the punishment
Of these ingratefull Lovers, I intend not
To give a sudden death to either of them,
But they shall suffer that which shall be worse:
By the effect, and strange force of my charms,
They shall have, without dying, every day
A thousand deaths; I will continually
By turns afflict the sad eyes of the Lover,
And of his Mistress: both of them shal see,
That they may suffer equally, each other
To die and to revive, this punishment
Is strange and cruell; but 'tis that I use
In my revenges; come, why loiter we
In our design? my heart like flint shall be
Insensible of their calamity.

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACTUS V.

Scena I.

Clidamant, Parthenia.

Clidamant. Mine eyes and ears ne'r saw, nor heard the like
The miserable cryes of those poor Lovers
Fill all these places with astonishment.
Thersander and *Diana* are so chang'd,
I could scarce know them, as I now came from them:
Pale death by turns skipping from face to face,
Can't make them yet to dye unto their love:
But, Madam, is it true what's publish'd here
Among the people, that those strange inchantments
Come from *Melissa?*

Parthenia. Yes, they are the works
Of her Art, without doubt, she could do more yet
Nothing's too hard for her, the destiny
Of mortals seems to be held in her hands,

And as she pleaseth, she disposeth it.
What can she not do, when she is in choler?
The miserable *Thirsis* feels th' effect,
And rigour of her power by sad experience.
Hath not fame yet inform'd you with his sufferings?
Clidamant. Yes, Madam, I have heard them fully spoken.
Parthenia. You know then that he lov'd *Roselia* [20]
And so deceive'd the expectation,
And desire of the Nymph who hitherto
Design'd him for my husband, and knows not
That I have love for you; to her commands
This Shepheard was Rebellious: what did she?
Roselia was fair, she became sick;
She wept, she pined, she complain'd; the brightness
Of her fair eyes, extinguish'd in a moment:
The whiteness of her Lillies as soon faded;
And of so many beauties there remain'd [30]
Only the place, where sometime their seat was.
Her Lover that perceiv'd her taken from him,
Seeks her in every place, but cannot find her:
That was a Master-piece of her Apprentiship;
But this without doubt is another work
Of higher knowledge; if in her resentment
But for my interest she made poor *Thirsis*
A miserable Lover, judge how far
She may be carried, mov'd at her offence,
In her revenge for her own interest. [40]
Clidamant. If the Nymph knew the love I have for you,
I could expect no other usage from her;
She would without doubt cause me to be carried
Unto some fearfull Island where I should
Be rendered miserable all my days:
But let her art do what it can against me
Imployed by her hate, it shall work nothing
Upon my faith, to do it prejudice:
Oh! could I flatter me with the same hope,
That you would have like constancy for me! [50]
Parthenia. You need not doubt of it, I'm wholly yours,

My love is strong, and little fears her anger;
I'l keep it still sincere and firm unto you:
And you shall find me constant unto death:
Should she destroy me with her power, & kil me
I'le rather dye my self, then my affection.
My life can't pay the debt I owe unto you.

Scena II.

Ismenia, Thimantes, Parthenia, Clidamant.

Ismenia. What strange news do we hear? is it true, Madam,
That by th' effects of fortune and inchantment,
Thersander and *Diana* dye by turns,
And live again to wail their miseries?
Parthenia. *Ismenia*, tis too true, they are inchanted.
Thimantes. If I durst speak my thoughts, & what I've heard,
They impute this injustice to the Nymph.
Parthenia. It is not to be doubted but she is
The Author of it, and this cruel punishment
Denoteth that she studies high revenge,
When she's offended.
Clidamant. What so'er her power be
Which causeth fear, let us go presently
With our complaint unto her: in my judgement
This is no way to make herself obey'd:
Fear is the parent not of love, but hate.
And that same fatal art which her revenge
Calls to her aid, establisheth her crime,
And not her power. But here I see she comes.

Scena III.

Melissa, Melintus, Clidamant, Parthenia, Thimantes, Ismenia.

Melissa. *To* MELINTUS. What doth this stroak surprize thee?
Melintus. Truly, Madam,

Their punishment's too great, and all the Island
Murmureth at it.
Melissa. Shepheards, what say you?
Can I revenge me of an injury?
Clidamant. Yes, Madam, and th' estate wherin y' ave put them
Hath made all those their friends that envi'd them.
Hear our petitions for them, and be pleas'd
To do them justice: what have they committed [10]
Worthy of such a punishment? for having
Hid their love from you, lived in your Court
Under the name of brother, and of sister,
Deceiv'd the hope and envy of their Rivals,
Conserv'd their honour, and, perhaps, their life,
Is this so great a crime, as should be punish'd
By charmes which have no end? must they be made
To dye, and to revive continually
By turns, and by a strange unworthy fate
The living be inforc'd successively [20]
Still to lament the dead? their pittious cryes,
And hideous clamours give both souls and mouths
Unto those rocks to join in plaints with me:
The whole Isle's moved with them, and disturb'd.
Parthenia. Madam, I join in this petition,
Vouchsafe to hear me: O forbear to dart
Thunder and wrath upon this happy place,
Where the Gods liberally pour upon mortals
So many and so great felicities:
Begin not to distrub the sweet repose [30]
Of an abode that's favoured by Heaven,
To please those Shepheards, whose devotions
May fix upon some other Sanctuary
More safe, and other Soveraigns more sweet.
Thimantes. Yes, Madam, stop the mouth of this sad murmur,
Let it be smother'd, this inchantment hath
Continued to long, break, break the charm,
And pacifie our spirits immediately,
Which are astonished at this proceeding.

Ismenia. If in the freedom which I use too frequently, [40]
My mouth might dare to speak, and not displease you,
I should then tell you that this rigid course
You take, would leave you here nor Shepheardesses
Nor Shepheards; they would seek this place no more
For their retrait and sanctuary, but shun it
Like a destroying rock; and this fair Iland
The glory of the world, would be a wilderness:
To enjoy subjects, rule your passions better,
And be more soveraign over your self. [49]
Melissa. Shepheards, and Shepheardesses, your discourses
Astonish and surprize me, know, my Art,
Is a sufficient warrant for my actions;
I could do greater yet, and stranger too:
Though this which you have seen seemeth unjust
Unto you, have you any right, or priviledge
To complain to me, and to murmur thus?
Much less to reprehend, and censure me?
How! should the bold Shepheard *Thersander* dare
To injure me, and to deride my power?
Should he presume to lay aside his duty [60]
And respect for me, and I wink at it,
That so can punish such an insolence?
Presume it not, the blood of *Zoroastres*
Is not yet born under so ill a star,
I know its influence better, and can use it
To the destruction of those that wrong me:
Yes, Shepheards, I am skilful in the qualities
Of herbs, and roots, and as I have occasion
I chuse them, some for poyson, some for medicine:
When I will, I prescribe some to confound [70]
The memorie, and to distract the spirit;
But those obnoxious weeds I never use
But for their punishment that do offend me;
Have I not reason to maintain my rank
In dignity and honour? those that dare
To brave me, without doubt, hazard themselves:
My scepter's guarded with enwreathed serpents,

Whose fearful aspects bid all keep aloof,
And threaten death to those that dare to touch it:
Thirsis hath felt their stings: what reason had he
To be an enemy to his own fortune
And interest, in foolishly refusing
The honour of the name to be my Nephew:
I will advance him, and expect that he
Shall yet accept this honourable title
Of Husband to my Neece; *Parthenia*,
Your colour changes, but in vain you hide
Your thoughts from me, I can discover them,
I know that you love *Clidamant*, and more
What you design, and what you do discourse;
But understand both one and t'other of you,
That I must be obey'd in what I will;
My power can force it; take heed ye provoke not
My anger; if I may not be belov'd,
I will be fear'd.

Parthenia. Madam—

Melissa. It is enough,
You know my prohibition.

Clidamant. I hope
To bend her, but at present let's say nothing.

Thimantes. We all know your high rank and quality
With reverence and respect, so in that notion
We imploy but our prayers to perswade you;
They are our onely arms, be touched with them,
And dissipate these charms: *Thersander* now
Begins t' awake out of his fatal fit;
You'l hear his plaints and clamours presently,
His cryes and his despair for his dear Mistress
This is the hour, wherein he is tormented:
This object without doubt before your eyes
Will raise up pitty, Madam, in your heart:
His sighs will quench your anger, and prevail
Much more then we; see he begins to move
Madam, you will be touch'd, to hear him speak.

SCENA IV.

THERSANDER, DIANA, MELISSA, ISMENIA, PARTHENIA, CLIDAMANT, THIMANTES.

Thersander. By DIANAS *body.* O Lamentable object! why mine eyes,
Were ye not cover'd with eternal darkness,
That I might not have seen this fatal spectacle?
Oh! what cause have I to complain of fortune,
That my sleep is not the last sleep of death?
In the night of the Grave I should take rest,
And not be ty'd to die thus all my life,
I should be there but dust, and this sad sight
Should not have martyred my heart and eyes.
Yes, my dear Mistress, sometime my delight,
Thy sight is now my greatest punishment;
And in this sad estate wherein I see thee,
Thou which wert once my joy, art now my grief;
Thy body's but a trunk that gives me horror,
Thy head all over's smoaking with thy blood,
The graces lodge no more there, I see death
In every place, where I saw love before:
How! dost thou live no more then: have I lost thee
As soon as found thee? hopes born and destroy'd
With an immortal love, fantosme of fortune
Which lasts good but a day, wealth too soon lost,
Brightness too soon put out, excessive joy,
To which so many plaints so soon succeed,
Why in that splendor wherewith all you flatter'd,
My name, did you promise so much unto me,
And gave so little. Fair eyes, sometimes conquerous,
Whose lights are shut up in eternal night
In spite of all my prayers, call me not
From death unto the light; is't possible
That I can see here what *Diana* sees not?
No, no, I live no more since she is dead;
Yet my heart moves; but this last strugling is
But a small spark that's left behind, and shines

A little after death; 'tis but a vapour,
An exaltation,[8] a wind, a smoak,
Last dying and last kindled; I am coming
To join with thee, object of my desire,
To give thee soul for soul, and sigh for sigh;
Death is my aid, my hope is but in her;
I will express that I am faithful to thee
In that, not able to survive thy fate,
I put my self into the arms of death.
Clidamant. Madam, you see how great his torment is,
And whereunto your hatred hath reduc'd him;
You see besides how far without proportion
Of the crime to the punishment, the power
Of your inchantment goes; these woods weep at it;
And these rocks which before heard no complaints,
Are pierc'd now with his cryes, and become soft,
And sensible, the Eccho likewise mourns,
And should you onely, Madam, be without
Compassion for him.
Melissa. Yes, without compassion;
Since he took pleasure alwaies to displease me,
I'le please my self by a most just return
In my revenge, and never cease t' afflict him:
No, think not that I will incline to pitty.
I'm too much injur'd to be pacifi'd:
His sorrow makes my joy, and I am glad
I shall establish my authority.
Thimantes. Diana's turn is now; see he[9] revives
To weep her lover, and immediately
To follow him by the force of your Art:
Sad spectacle? hearken unto her grief,
And ope your eyes, and heart to her complaints,

DIANA *upon* THERSANDERS *body.*

Diana. What, my dear Lover, art thou then but dust?

[8] This is probably a misprint for *exhalation.*
[9] Obviously this should be *she.*

Alas! thy mouth wants speech, and thine eyes light.
But in spight of the plot which makes me sigh,
I have the happiness yet to lament thee:
Flow, flow, my tears, and pour upon this object
Torrents of flame, not water, there is nothing
So cold in the dark bosom of the Grave,
Which the fire of these Rivers cannot warm:
Yes, by my tears at last, my cryes, my plaints,
Dear ashes, I will kindle you again,
Though cold now and extinguish'd like the Phenix
I'le raise you up again by force of sights,[10]
Which you shall Eccho to me.
Thimantes. Madam can you
Behold this sight, and not be moved at it?
Diana, Love, canst thou not answer to my desires?
Thou art a miracle thy self, and therefore,
Methinks, should'st do one: art thou in the world
No more a source of life? oh canst thou not
Restore my lover to me, from whose armes
They 'ave ravish'd him; which of the Gods can call him
Back from the gates of death, if thou canst not?
My dear *Cleagenor*, I pray thee, answer me
By these my tender sighs, by *Celia's* name;
How's this! I can pronounce thy name, and mine
And yet, O Gods! thou answerest me nothing;
I see, alas! thy mouth and eyes still shut:
He's dead, and these names cannot touch him now.
Love, since thou hast no power to succour me
In that point as to make him live, at least
Make me to dye: I come, my faithful lover,
It is impossible I should survive thee;
I feel that my despair t' enjoy thee here
Gives me to death; my heart hath lost the spirits
Which made it move, I scarce can utter more:
Happy thy *Celia*, if her death could give
Thee life again, if thy sleep might have end

[10] Meaning *sighs.*

By mine, and if I could with all my blood
Redeem thine; I have done, my love is coming
To meet thy flame, and I expire upon thee
The rest of my sad soul.
Clidamant. What! is your heart
Not touch'd yet with this object? are you still
Insensible of so much grief as she
Suffers by your means? oh! let pitty yet
Disarm your anger, the Inchanted Lovers
Have suffered enough Nymph, break the charm.
Melissa. Yes, I am touch'd at last, I must confess,
And really am sorry for the evil
Which they have drawn through their temerity
Upon themselves; but though their grief appeaseth
My anger now, the charm which I have made
I can't undo; to tell you truly, Shepheards,
It is so strong that onely a Divinity
Can break the chance on't; 'tis decree'd by fate
That it shall last yet longer, and I cannot
Prevent it, though it be my proper work.
Thimantes. How! cannot you prevent it? heavenly Gods,
What saying's this? no, no, you have not left
Your anger, but retain it still; and willing
To punish them, and to revenge your wrong,
Will make of them a lasting spectacle
Unto the eyes of all; and to excuse
Your self the better of this cruelty,
Would put it off to some Divinity;
But the Gods by our prayers and tears appeas'd,
In spight of your attempts, will stop your charms:
Yes, Madam, the great Gods condemn your plots,
They are the Soveraigns, and absolute Masters
Of destiny, we hope all things from them,
And that they'l suffer crime no longer here
To raign and tyrannize. Thou Goddess, which
Art in this place ador'd which holdest fate,
And fortune in thy hands, which hatest crime,
And whose cares keep the Shepheards that serve thee

In this delightful Island, look upon
The sad estate whereto love hath reduc'd
Two miserable Lovers, whom the Nymph
Pursues with horrid cruelty to death
By fatal charmes, destroy the power of them,
And render to this government again
The liberty to love, and to declare it.

Thunder and lightning.

Parthenia. Ha! what a sudden flash of lightning's this,
That strikes mine eyes, and what a clap of thunder
Shakes all this place?
Ismenia. With what a thick black cloud
The Skie is cover'd?
Melissa. I believe Heaven trembles,
And its Arch openeth; behold the Goddess
Descends, and maketh sign, as if she'd speak:
We must give audience.

SCENA ULTIMA.

The Goddess DIANA.

Diana. Your prayers are heard; let nothing trouble you,
Fair *Celia* and her Lover both shal live
And love for ever, their afflictions
Are ended, and I have dissolv'd the charm,
No accident shall henceforth trouble them.
They stir'd up pity in you, now they may
Make you to envy them; search all Records,
You'l find no subject equal to their love.
Thersander. To DIANA. By what inchantment is thy life restor'd?
Diana. To THERSANDER. By what inchantment do'st thou live again?

The Goddesse continues.

I'l recompense their inexemplar vertues,
And pay the price of their affection;
To consummate their happy Nuptials,
I'l ope my Temple, and assure you all
Of my protection. 'Tis my pleasure also
That the love of the Shepheard *Clidamant*
Be at the same time crown'd with *Hymen's* honours,
And that he end his daies with sweet *Parthenia*,
That henceforth he command in the Isle with her;
My justice hath made choice of them to reign. [20]
The Nymph I do degrade, she is too criminal,
And dispense you of your obedience to her;
I'l make the power of her Art unusefull;
And free this Island from all future fear,
And danger; but to save her from the Thunder
Of the offended Gods, I will receive her
Into my Temple, which shall be her Sanctuary.
Her sex hath long enough ruled the Province,
I'l change the order of its Government,
And henceforth it shall be under the power, [30]
And wise administration of a Prince,
Which shall be of the blood of *Clidamant*
From father unto son.

Melissa. Seeing the Goddess to ascend. I confesse Goddesse,
You do me justice in approving crime
One makes himself a complice: without you,
The Gods, high Soveraigns, Masters, and disposers
Of destiny, would, sure, have punish'd me
With death; I go into your Temple now
To imploy other charms, to wash away
My criminal defilements with my tears [40]
To pray unto the immortal powers, whilst I
Have breath, and so disarm them at your Altars:
But to the end her law may be fulfill'd
In every point, *Cleagenor*, fail not
To love your *Celia*.

Thersander. O how redevable
Am I to your rare goodness?

Melissa. Clidamant,
Enjoy what you deserve, accept *Parthenia,*
With her, the crown, and succeed happily
The rank which I freely resign unto you.
Clidamant. You command still, and keep your Soveraign rank,
When the raign is conferr'd upon your blood;
And by all my respects, I shall express
That 'tis but in your name that I'l be Master.
Parthenia. Though Heavens kind hand chuseth a husband for me,
Since you allow him, I'l hold him of you,
And will possess no honour here, nor power,
But to express the more my service to you,
And my acknowledgements.
Thimantes. *Ismenia,*
Must we not couple too?
Ismenia. Yes, if the Goddess
Had said it; we'l defer our marriage,
Till she descends again.
Clidamant. *Ismenia,*
I command in this place now, and I will it.
Ismenia. Since you will have it, I accept his vows
Of faithfull service. If *Melintus* too
Hath shaken of his jealousie, I must
Be reconcil'd with him.
Melintus. Well, I agree to 't.
Let us remain friends.
Clidamant. Heaven hath promis'd us
That we shall all be happy, let us go
Forthwith unto the Temple to conclude
This triple marriage, and henceforth we shall
Honour this day as a great Festival.

Finis.

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